# THE CANADIAN WEST

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**Illustrating "Getting Back to the Soil."**


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## L. N. LeValley

**Saskatoon**
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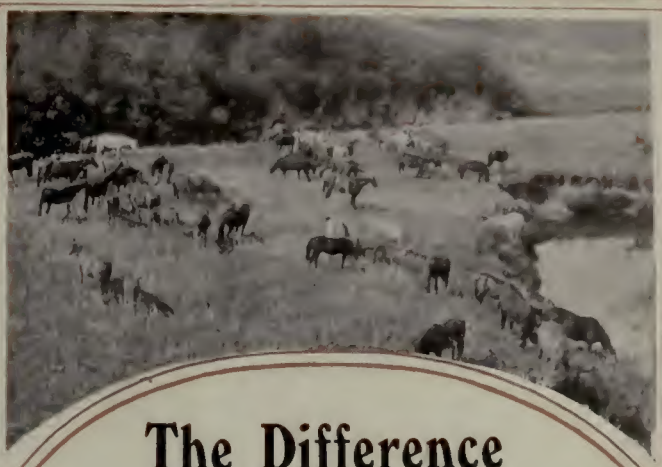

# The Difference

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*Sales Department, Canadian Pacific Railway Irrigated Lands*

*From an unpublished photograph by Matzene*

FORREST CRISSEY

THE
CANADA WEST

# Getting Back to the Soil

By Forrest Crissey

*Author of "The Country Boy," "Tattlings of a Retired Politician," etc.*

For years the American people seem to have been possessed by a city madness. From the farms and villages a tide of youth has poured steadily into the centers of population until it seemed as if the cities were bound to sap the country of its best blood.

But the tide has turned and to-day there is an undeniable movement running counter to this current—a movement which is recognized by thoughtful and far-sighted men as one of the wholesomest developments of the age.

No longer can the broad assertion be truthfully made that the country boy or girl with energy or ambition above the ordinary is bound to seek the city as the only place of adequate opportunity. It can even be said that there is a genuine movement from the cities to the country. Men who have had a taste of the sordid drudgery of labor at the desk, the counter and the lathe are looking with longing eyes toward the country and are "saving up to get a little place" where life will hold some promise beyond a mere treadmill existence. There are tens of thousands of these men who have made a long and weary fight for a foothold in the big city. Some of them have failed to realize the standard of prosperity which they set for themselves when they entered the whirl and grind of the city struggle and others have come to earn all they had originally hoped for but have learned that the greater expense of city living has left them far less of comfort and satisfaction as a net result of their toil than they could have in the country. Experience has taught them that living in the cramped quarters of a small city flat, in a congested district, is mere existence and devoid

This is the fourth of our series of "Little Sermons to Young Men." The first was by William Whyte, Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway; the second by James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railway; and William McKenzie, President of the Canadian Northern Railway, was the author of the third.

of those wholesome comforts and finer pleasures which really make life worth living.

And these observations do not apply alone to the men in comparatively humble positions—to the laborers, the clerks in stores, the book-keepers in offices and counting rooms, the men in shops and factories and the whole army of workers who know the exactions of the "time clock" to which they carry keys. The same sentiment prevails to a very wide extent among those who are higher up in salary scale—those who are fairly prosperous and pay from $30 to $75 a month rent and whose other living expenses are on a corresponding scale. The man of this class is asking himself, "What am I getting out of this grind in exchange for the best years of my life? What will the grind leave me when I am no longer young and when my earning capacity begins to strike the down grade? Will my riper experience and judgment count for their full value as against my declining nimbleness of limb, my wavering physical stamina? Is there not a life for me that will yield a far richer net return as I go along, that will take less of my vitality in the wear-and-tear of the daily grind, that will make me last longer and will leave me in a position of comparative independence when the down-grade of life is reached—a position where experience and judgment will count for full face value and make those years the best and most productive of all?"

On this point let me speak from personal experience. I have heard scores of men holding good positions paying several thousand dollars a year ask these questions and answer them by statements substantially like this: "The game in the city doesn't pay for the candle. It is too strenuous. It eats up vitality too fast and does not yield a net return of comfort and satisfaction commensurate with the cost of the struggle. Consequently I'm putting my savings into farm property. I have looked into the matter carefully and consulted with shrewd capitalists and there is but one conclusion to be drawn from the facts developed by that investigation: Farm property selected with fair common sense anywhere on the American continent is bound to increase substantially in value in the next ten years, besides yielding a good return, from year to year, if managed with anything like good judgment."

Of the soundness of these views I have no doubt. The rate at which population is increasing on this continent makes this fact about as firmly assured as anything in the future can well be assured. I have talked with many men of large fortunes and long experience in dealing with future values and every one of them has held emphatically to this forecast.

"Agriculture," they have told me, "is the real basis of wealth and the tremendous rate at which the population of the Western world is increasing amounts to a steady decrease of the total acreage of productive land. That means higher prices for land and higher prices for the things which the land produces."

A straw will often indicate the course of a current as accurately as a beam, and one of the straws which shows this movement of population from the cities to the country is the chicken business. One of the first things which the city dweller of small means turns to as a calling by which he can "get a start in the country" is the raising of poultry. Thousands of men and women have left positions in city stores and business houses to go into poultry ventures. Perhaps it is not too much to say that a majority of the recent recruits to the ranks of commercial poultry raisers come from this class.

Only a few days since the management of the largest poultry supply house in Chicago made the statement to the writer that the business had quadrupled over last year and that it was impossible for incubator manufacturers to meet the demand or even to do so approximately.

But there is no need to lay special emphasis on the shifting of population from cities to the country. Rather let us recognize the more important fact that the proportion

of country-raised young men who are sticking to the country is increasing steadily. Agriculture is everywhere being recognized as "the coming industry," the field which offers opportunities for the abilities of the younger generation greater than those of many and probably most other industries. Young men are everywhere awakening to the fact that there is not only money but big money in farming; that it is a dignified industry in which there is just as "wide a play" for administrative and executive talents as in merchandizing, manufacturing or any other commercial pursuit. The old notion that to be a real farmer means to do the hard and rough work of a hired hand and that the man who works with his intellect more than with his muscles is not a real farmer but only an imitation, is fast being relegated to the background. A new type of farmer is fast coming into the foreground—the man who knows both the science and the practice of farming and who "works with his head" while hiring others to work with their hands. This kind of farmer has been consistently sneered at and caricatured in the comic papers, but he is the man who is found at the head of big farms and whose acres pay him thousands where others are reaping hundreds only.

The agricultural colleges are training men of this kind by the hundreds and they are the ones who are to the industry of agriculture what Sir William Van Horne, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and William Whyte are to the railroad industry—the great constructive forces which keep that industry in step with the progress of the age. They are doing the thinking and the building which lift the work above a rule-of-thumb practice and into a great and dignified industry. More than this they are the great wealth-producers of the country who give the real backbone to the property of the nation.

One of the most significant incidents I have lately encountered came to my attention in the routine of editorial work—as I was calling upon perhaps the foremost crop expert of the United States, in search of information in his special field. Incidentally he mentioned the fact that he and "a friend" had bought several thousand acres of land in Western Canada and were placing just as much of it as possible under cultivation. The friend associated with him in this big farming enterprise proved to be the editor of one of the leading agricultural papers in America—a man rooted and grounded in the real science of farming.

Here were two men equipped with an expert knowledge of crop production, both receiving large incomes because of their standing as "authorities," who were placing hundreds of acres under active cultivation and doing it on a big scale—buying work horses by the car-load and other equipment in like proportion. They are successful and if their income from the practical application of their scientific knowledge does not now overtop their professional income from the sale of their theoretical knowledge, it certainly will soon do so at the rate their enterprise is now panning out.

And this same thing is to be found in every branch of production from the soil. The chief judge of fruits at the great St. Louis Exposition has a great fruit plant in another section of Western Canada where the growing of fruits is conducted on the same splendid scale as that on which the scientific wheat farmers of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are operating their big industry. These men are genuine captains of industry and are demonstrating that the reward of highly specialized training and large executive capacity are as rich in the field of agriculture as in merchandizing, manufacturing, construction or finance. It is no longer safe to remark that farming is too small a field for the genius and activities of a really "big" man.

But what about the "little" man, the one who must start in on a small scale, without any scientific knowledge and with only the "rule-of-

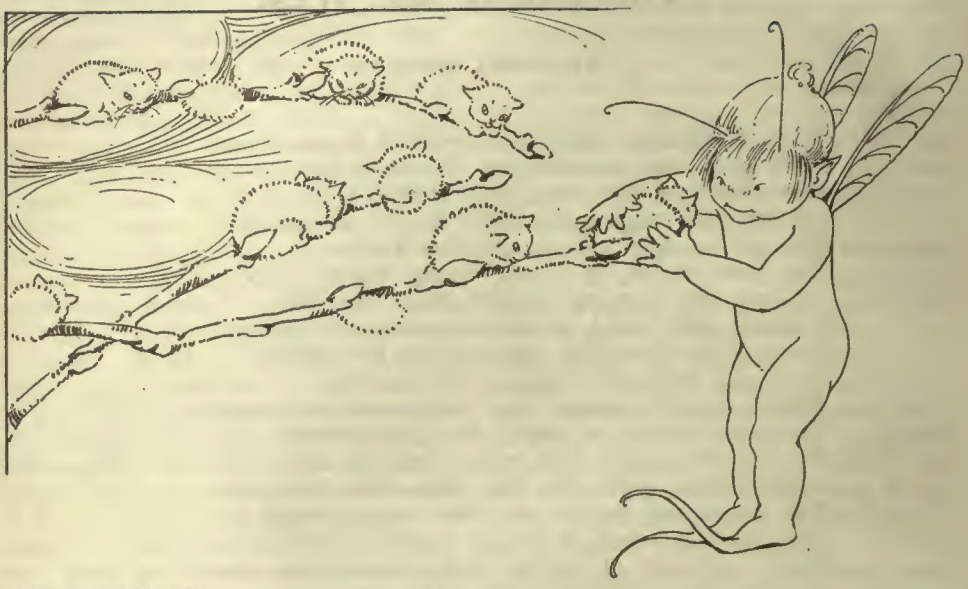
thumb" to guide him? His opportunities were never better than to-day—never so good, I believe. There are still millions of acres in the great Northwest which are to be had at a cheap price. The equipment for working his land is developed to a degree of which the pioneers of an earlier day did not dream. This means a *quick* start—and also a very much surer start than with the old equipment. Facility often spells the difference between failure and success in the production of crops, for it means taking quick advantage of favorable and seasonable weather conditions both in putting in his crops and in harvesting them. Then the owner of a small farm who is unskilled in the science of his calling to-day has the advantage of observing the methods of his scientific neighbor who farms on a big scale. The object lesson is at his hand ready to be improved and in thousands of cases it is being improved by the men who have never seen an agricultural school or an experiment station. It is a case of the big brother helping the little brother in true family fashion.

In connection with this movement back to the soil there is one element which no patriotic citizen should overlook—its influence upon good citizenship. Take the poor emigrant from a foreign country and settle him upon the soil in which he has a proprietory interest and you have planted a good citizen, one who will naturally and inevitably lean to the side of law, order and progress. Put the same emigrant in the tenement district of a big city, and if he does not speedily grow into a menace to all that is orderly and in the line of good citizenship he will be a rare exception to the general rule. On the soil—his own soil—he has the steadying and developing power of an independent owner with property rights in common with his neighbors; he stands on his own legs and is a man among his fellows. In the tenement district of a big city he is surrounded with debasing influences, ready for the corrupt manipulation of the agitator and the political demagogue who moves men en masse—or in mob—and handles them to his own ends. Herding human beings in congested quarters seldom fails to bring out the worst that is in them and is the most productive source of bad citizenship known to civilization. It is equally true, on the other hand, that the wholesome influences of the life of the soil—with its perpetual object lesson of growth, construction, of law, order and progress — breed good citizenship with all the certainty of seed-time and harvest. Plant an emigrant on a patch of soil which he has the right to call his own and you have germinated a new seed of good citizenship which the blight of the agitator and the demagogue cannot touch!

# The Call of the West

By Isabel Sinclair

With beckoning hands outstretched to lands at..
With eyes that saw beyond the sea's blue curve,
With heart of pity, and with pride of power,
On her own rugged mountain height she stood,
The mystic Spirit of the mighty West—
Her form in all its strong young beauty lined
Against the glowing western sky, her face
Illumed with light prophetic, eastward turned.
Beneath her feet the treasures of the earth,
For long, long ages held in fee for those
Whose worthy names were written on her scroll,—
Boundless extent of fertile fields unscarred
By plow lay all around, while from her lips
Went ringing forth the long, clear call—the call
The world had waited for thro' weary years.
The nations heard it and a great unrest
Came on them. Crowded cities, wondering, paused
In their mad rush to listen. Hamlets rude
And peaceful villages gave ear. The Slav,
Oppressed for ages, heard the magic note
Of Freedom in the cry. Where Hecla's fires
Burn fierce beneath her snows, by Norrland's fiords,
In English homes and even to far Cathay,
The call was echoed and re-echoed, "Come,
Ye people, come where sunny skies look down
On happy homes, where healthful breezes sweep
Flower-laden fields, where honest toil gives wealth,
Where laws protect, and lawless get their due,
Where each in his own way may worship God
And none shall say him nay. Where youth may find
A field for enterprise, and failing age
A peaceful resting-place. Ye people come
And find a welcome in the great, wide West."
And they have come, yea, many thousands strong,
Seeing the "vision splendid" far ahead,
Following the beckoning hand, the loud, clear call,
The mystic lure that drew with unseen cords
O'er tossing sea, broad river, lake and plain
Till each had found his own appointed place
In populous city streets, or farm, or mine.
Decades on decades come and swiftly go,
And still upon her mountain height she stands,
Still calls and beckons, welcomes with glad hand
And golden store the weary multitudes
That come, responsive to this great Last West.



DRAWN BY FLORENCE M. PRETZ

# While Billiken Slept

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

*Author of "The Book of the Singing Winds"*

One spring morning when the brook had just yawned and taken off his white night-gown of ice, when the little green grasses were just beginning to think of coming up, and the sap to run in the trees, the Nasturtium Girl woke up very early and felt lonesome.

Billiken was having a morning nap, and only grunted when she whistled down his hollow tree, so she went to ask the squirrel to play with her. But she found Chippie tucked up in a round ball, with his long tail curled round his nose, and not even a black eye showing.

She went to find the field-mouse, but he was so far away in his burrow that she grew tired of walking so long in the dark.

And she went to see the big white owl, but he was hidden in some hollow stump and she couldn't even catch a glimpse of him.

Then she tried the brook, but he was so light-headed with waking up that he gurgled and tumbled over himself, and wouldn't pay any attention to her.

So she said aloud, "Isn't there *anybody* to play with me?"

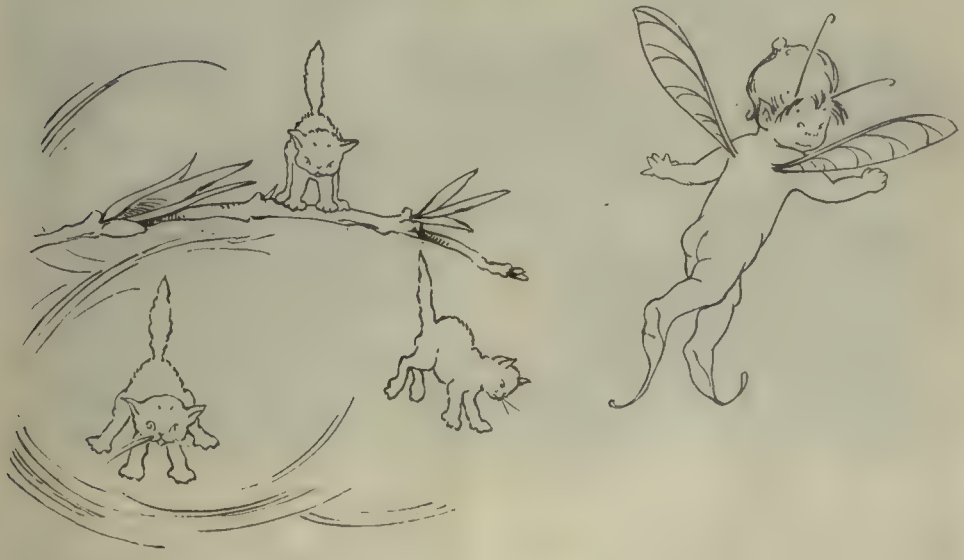
And a little voice said, "Mew!"

"Puss! puss! puss!" she called, and the little voice said "Mew-w!" a little louder.

And there were all the little kittens coming out on the pussy-willows to play with her, in their little gray coats.

So they played and they played and they played, and had such a good time that you can't think how happy they were. They never remembered how late it was getting until the south wind came laughing by.

Then—puff! all the little gray kittens grew up into yellow cats, and the Nasturtium Girl flew away.



DRAWN BY FLORENCE M. PRETZ

# A City of the New West

By E. L. Richardson

*Secretary of the Calgary Board of Trade*

"Sunny Southern Alberta" is a name that means something. With an altitude of from 3,000 to 3,500 feet, almost continuous sunshine, cool summer nights, no oppressive Eastern heat during the day, a delightful fall, and a moderate winter, Calgary has become famous as one of the most healthful cities in Canada.

Our winter weather is largely dependent upon the warm "Chinook" blowing from the region formerly inhabited by the Chinook Indians, on the banks of the lower Columbia River. Snow rapidly melts under these warm, dry winds. A gale from the north may blow for a day or two, accompanied by powdered snow, and settlers from the east immediately think winter has come in earnest. Then the north wind lulls, a western breeze arises, and but a few hours suffice for the disappearance of the snow and a complete change of weather. Wheels are used during the entire year; sleighs only in occasional seasons for brief periods. In January and early February there are short periods of cold, sharp weather. Winter generally breaks up in March, with a warm wind from the west, the beginning of spring. May is usually warm and bright; June and earlier July, rains; the remainder of July, August, September, October, and generally November, warm and dry. The summer, July to September, is characterized by hot days relieved by a never-failing breeze, and cool nights, but the warm, golden days of autumn, often lasting well into December, are the glory of the year.

The average daily temperature for the last eight years was 37.4, and the average yearly rainfall for the same period was 20.21 inches.

According to Dominion Government statistics, the average temperature between the months of November to March, inclusive, from 1898 to 1904, was 16.1 at Edmonton, and only a shade under 20 degrees at Calgary.

Cheap land, productive land, and an almost unlimited supply, a favorable climate, and an intelligent and energetic class of settlers, are important factors in the agricultural possibilities of the Calgary district. From an agricultural standpoint, the country surrounding our city cannot be surpassed in Alberta, and the unprecedented rush for Alberta lands is an evidence of their quality.

The fairest method of demonstrating the agricultural possibilities of the district is by making use of the "Crop Bulletin" published by the Alberta Department of Agriculture. Each thresher operating in the province of Alberta is required by law to make a return to the Government at the end of each year, showing the number of bushels, as well as the average yield per acre of the various crops threshed at each farm. He must also give the location of the farm and the acreage under cultivation to the various crops. The Government supply the books for making these returns, keep a careful list of all threshing machine operators, distribute premiums to those who comply with the regulations, and enforce the penalties against those who do not. These crop bulletins, therefore, show accurate returns, not estimates. Now for the figures:

In 1905, within a radius of 50 or 60 miles of Calgary, commonly called the Calgary district, the average yields were: Spring wheat 28.95; winter

wheat, 31.12; oats, 44.16; and barley, 30.52.

Alfalfa, one of the most valuable foods for all classes of live stock, grows well in this locality. While it is not yet grown in large quantities, it will doubtless be in a very short time. The writer last fall drove out to the east side of the city and brought home a buggy-full which he found growing on the prairie without irrigation, or even cultivation, as the seed had only been dropped on the prairie. Timothy and brome grass also produce good crops here.

The growing of sugar beets has proved very successful in southern Alberta, where there is a million dollar sugar beet factory in operation. The saccharin contents of southern Alberta grown beets is from fifteen to eighteen per cent., and a strong Michigan firm is now figuring on building a large sugar factory either at Calgary or to the east of the city. Vegetables and small fruits also do well in the Calgary district.

It will be evident to the casual reader that the agricultural possibilities of the Calgary district are extremely bright, and yet the subject has not been by any means exhausted. For instance, the yields referred to are from threshers' measure, and not by weight. Alberta grains invariably weigh considerably over the standard, thus giving our larger yield an additional advantage, as the grain is sold by weight. The crops in this district were all grown without irrigation and the average rainfall for the past ten years has been 19.75 inches, only one inch less than the largest rainfall at any one point in Alberta, not including Banff, which is in the Rocky Mountains. If this district produces the largest yields of grain of any place on the American continent without irrigation, how much greater our yields will be on the completion of the gigantic Canadian

CALGARY IS FAMOUS FOR ITS BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

Pacific Railway Irrigation project?

This irrigation scheme is the largest on the continent. It includes a block of three million acres of land. The cost of the undertaking will be approximately $5,000,000. The western section of the project, comprising about 350,000 acres, is now ready. It contains seventeen miles of main canals, 150 miles of secondary canals and 800 miles of distributing ditches. The water is supplied from the famous Bow River, which is tapped just to the east of the Calgary city limits, and which has a flow of from ten to forty thousand second cubic feet during the irrigation season. One cubic foot per second is supplied for each 150 acres, from the first of May to the first of October, and this supply is regulated by the Dominion Government. The rate charged for water is fifty cents per acre for the irrigated portions, and the land sells at from twelve to twenty-five dollars per acre, which is the range of prices for land in other portions of our district.

The Calgary district is not only famous for grain growing. The valuable properties of the natural grasses on the prairies are preserved by rapid drying under the hot sun, and thus what appears brown and uninviting in the autumn may be most fit for winter grazing, and with a light covering of dry snow will produce a good, fat beef. Unless crusted, snow is no detriment to the feeding of stock. Most grasses on the dry plains, with the exception of those which have running root stocks, may be said to be "bunch" grasses. The great herds of horses, cattle and sheep that range on the plains of central Alberta subsist during the winter as well as summer on these nutritious, naturally cured grasses, and in ordinary years come out of winter quarters, having had no artificial shelter of any kind, in first class breeding condition. Of course, the prudent farmer will always take the precaution to cut a quantity of hay upon which to feed young and weak stock, should the winter be particularly severe. Rough sheds are sometimes provided for the nights, and the stock fed in the open prairie upon prairie hay, straw or green feed (oats, wheat or barley cut green and cured the same as hay). It is generally admitted that horses do quite as well ranging out during the winter as if they were fed, and the practice is, therefore, to feed only the young colts during the first winter.

The live stock associations for Alberta are located at Calgary, where the annual sales and shows are held, thus providing the rancher a ready cash market for purebred stock at his door. The association sales of purebred cattle during the past six years were 1,255 head, which brought $123,746.50.

With twenty-five manufacturers already established, Calgary has a long lead as the manufacturing center of the West. Other things being equal, or nearly equal, proximity to the consuming population is a vital consideration in successful manufacturing. That the bulk of Canada's consuming population will within a few years be located west of Lake Superior may be regarded as an inevitable result of the present enormous influx of settlers and capital into the West, and Calgary has the advantage of being a natural distributing center to a country of which almost every acre is tillable.

Extensive coal beds surround this city on all sides, and coals are available ranging in quality from the soft lignites to the true anthracites. The Canadian Northern Railway is now hauling coal for its locomotives from the rich fields adjoining the city and the Grand Trunk Pacific will also depend for its fuel upon these deposits. Many Calgary industries are now using steam coal at a cost of $2.50 per ton. The Canadian Pacific Railway have large anthracite mines at Bankhead, only eighty miles west of the city, which insure a constant supply of hard coal. Soft coal is also mined at Blackfoot, Fish Creek, Sheep Creek and Knee Hills, all in the vicinity of Calgary. A railway to the latter point is projected. The Knee Hill is an excellent domestic and steam coal, and will no doubt be placed on the Calgary market at a very low price.

There is a municipal electric plant as well as a private company here.

Light costs from fourteen to sixteen cents per watt hour, according to amounts used, with fifteen per cent. discount for cash. The base price for power is twelve cents per kilowatt hour, with discounts from ten to fifty per cent., the fifty per cent. discount being reached when the power used costs over $200 per month. Owing to the success of the municipal plant the cost of light and power will shortly be reduced.

Within two years Calgary will be entered by the Great Northern, Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific railways. It is a general divisional point on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the lines for Edmonton and Macleod start from here. The annual payroll of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Calgary is considerably over a million dollars, and fully a thousand are employed—representing in itself a town of four or five thousand people.

On the completion of the Panama canal it will be cheaper to ship all freight west of Swift Current to Great Britain via Vancouver than via Fort William. Vancouver port is always open, whereas Fort William port is only open about two hundred days in a year. There are only seventeen miles of adverse grades for westbound freight to Vancouver. Good steam coal lies in unlimited quantities at convenient distances along this route and it has an advantage of about forty per cent. in cost of operation in winter over the eastern route, which means a marked saving in cost of transport. The seventeen mile adverse grade on the Canadian Pacific main line is about a two per cent. grade. This can and no doubt will soon be reduced to a one per cent. grade.

With these facts before us, and the coming of three more railways in the

HOMES OF SEVERAL DENOMINATIONS IN CALGARY.

near future, it is surely not presumption to state that Calgary is and will continue to be the most important railway center between Winnipeg and the Pacific coast.

Our population has grown with phenomenal rapidity. Only twenty-one years ago Calgary's school children numbered twenty-five. To-day there are nearly 2,000 names on the rolls—and yet the men responsible for our educational institutions have kept pace with the magnitude of their task. During the past year the number of teachers and scholars has increased twenty-five per cent. The greatest improvements in the way of new buildings have taken place in the past three years, during which time Mr. R. J. Hutchings has been chairman of the school board. Our new Central school, which was opened on May 24th, 1905 (cost about $70,000), the South Ward school (to cost about $30,000), and the East Ward school (to cost about $30,000), the latter two of which are now being completed, are built of solid Calgary sandstone, and would look well beside the best schools in our largest Canadian or American cities. There are twelve public schools, a high school, a normal school, the Western Canada College for boys, St. Hilda's College for girls, and lastly the Convent with its 235 pupils.

However dense the population of Western Canada may become, cities—big cities—will not be plentiful. Railway construction is preceding settlement and the commanding geographical position of the embryo distributing center is clearly indicated. Here in Calgary wholesale houses and industries find they can most economically and efficiently serve the greatest possible area and population. Distributing centers every hundred miles or so, such as were established in the East through force of necessity, prior to the advent of railways, will not be a feature of Western development.

With the readjustment of freight rates out of Calgary in 1902, the erection of wholesale warehouses commenced, with the result that to-day we have at least eighty wholesale firms doing business here.

To use the words of the editor of the *Monetary Times* in a recent issue, "the banking returns of a city are the surest thermometer of its commercial wealth. The establishment of a clearing house is the last proof that a city has finally passed from infancy to sturdy adolescence." Calgary passed that stage in April last, when her first week's clearing house returns were $722,379. The percentage increase between an average week in May and an average week in November was eighty-seven and a half per cent. In the light of this increase the following statement taken from Bradstreet's, showing clearing house returns for the four weeks ending November 8th, 15th, 22nd, and 29th, 1906, will be interesting:

| Name of City | Est'm'd Pop. | Clearing House Returns |
|---|---|---|
| Quebec | 69,000 | 8,592,650 |
| Springfield, Mass | 74,000 | 8,113,487 |
| Syracuse, N. Y. | 118,000 | 7,874,627 |
| Dayton, Ohio | 93,000 | 7,417,229 |
| Hamilton, Ont. | 59,000 | 7,302,890 |
| CALGARY, ALTA. | 17,000 | 6,420,276 |
| St. John, N. B. | 41,000 | 5,130,880 |
| Jacksonville, Fla. | 44,000 | 4,999,355 |
| London, Ont. | 43,000 | 4,983,366 |
| Lincoln, Neb. | 46,000 | 4,708,763 |
| Davenport, Ia. | 49,000 | 4,073,521 |
| Topeka, Kan. | 39,000 | 3,936,927 |
| Kalamazoo, Mich. | 30,000 | 3,935,170 |
| Victoria, B. C. | 25,000 | 3,757,639 |
| Edmonton, Alta. | 12,000 | 3,432,334 |
| Springfield, Ill. | 42,000 | 3,008,523 |
| Rockford, Ill. | 31,000 | 2,441,757 |

In the face of the foregoing facts it is reasonable to say that we are going to have a city of 100,000 population within a few years. Perhaps you who read this article may have a desire to see this city. Perhaps you have half decided to come here to live. In setting the date of your visit, there is one point to be remembered; it is this, —there is only one "Last West." If you postpone your trip, thousands of others will not.

# Science—and Thirst

*The Story of a Martyr to Original Research*

By Cy Warman

*Author of "Frontier Stories"*

We never know how hungry we are until we see the trainmen pull the pin on the dinner.

We never realize how wide the world is until we stroll down to the sea, and view the ocean that rolls between us and our native land. The mad crowd at Monte Carlo serves to show us that all men, and most women, are gamblers. One must meet and mingle with the unspoiled heathen to learn how far we have strayed from God.

All this, and more, you may have known, but you can never know how a man thirsts until you meet him where a wilderness lies between him and the rummery.

A summer's sojourn in the far Northwest has taught me much that I did not know about thirst, and the various remedies by which it can be killed.

All men kill the thing they love,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward kills it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword.

The Indians slay thirst with snake root, boiled in somebody's safe cure, to which they add a pinch of pepper cayenne. The Swedes drink red ink, and vote for Prohibition. The rumsellers say they are sincere in voting the dry ticket. If there are no saloons the Swede does not need to apologize to his family for drinking alcoholic substitutes for the plain firewater that is sold in all civilized communities. French halfbreeds prefer painkiller to whiskey blanche. Good strong XXX Jamaica ginger will satisfy the halfbreed whose pious pere fed on Scotch.

The Irish, do not discriminate. It is all good to the Irish only some brands are stronger than others.

If you meet a Mexican or one of his offspring in this cold country, don't ask him what he'll have. Just pass over the fire-extinguisher that you carried away from the last sleeping car you slept in, and he'll bite the neck off, drink it down and be your slave for life.

Like the Irish, the Yankees, that is the old timers, are not particular. The tenderfoot, especially if he have a weakness for the aesthetic, pleads for Blank's cure.

The other day I heard a Yankee and a Scotchman at the Manitoba Club discussing fish bait. "I'll take good old Scotch," said the Scot, "every time Good Scotch for lake fishing, plenty of Scotch and an open boat with a pillow and pipe, and I dinna care a d—n if the fish or the mosquitoes bite. Why d'ye ken, mon, I've got Scotch in my room so strenuous if you put three drops on a jack rabbit's nose he'll spat in a bulldog's face."

"Will he?" said the Yankee, removing his boots from the sofa pillow. "Well, you take three drinks of Blank's cure, and if you don't go home and lick your wife you're not fit to be the head of a family."

Ultimately they settled it out of court and agreed to take a gallon of each.

Probably the most desperate demonstration of thirst ever made in the Northwest was made at the cabin of old Jack Macquestian on the Yukon. I had the tale from a railroad pathfinder, fresh from the Klondike.

Macquestian and his cabin have been known since the discovery of the mighty river that tells its troubles

to the sea at Nome, and no man has ever been heard to deny his hospitality. It is proverbial.

One day there came to the pioneer cabin three Arizona prospectors. Jack gave them food, shaking the empty jug apologetically.

For a year and a half they had not known the taste of liquid joy. For eighteen months—since they left the last Hudson's Bay post on the Mackenzie — they had gone dry. They had wintered in the Arctic Circle, hoping to follow a small river that seemed to head in the highlands that divided them from the Yukon country, which they hoped ultimately to reach via the Bell and Porcupine. Unfortunately for the travelers, scarcely any snow fell on the far northern slopes that winter. Consequently when spring came, there was no snow to melt and no water to float the good boat they had built, whipped from the forest and seasoned by the camp fire. The record kept by the prospectors at the camp in '97-98 showed but three bitter cold days, the coldest going to 50 below. They were obliged to dig a channel through which they dragged their boat to the summit.

A portage of only one and a half miles brought them to the headwaters of the Porcupine, down which it was easy—often too easy—going to the Yukon. To the Yukon and Dawson where there were human ants, ships from the outside, red liquor and yellow gold! They had known prosperity, these prospectors. They had known the joy of a long sack and life in 'Frisco. As they glided down the Porcupine they talked of those brave days when they dined at the Poodle Dog, and drank things, the mere mention of which made them suffer.

It was after thirty days of down streaming, talking by day and dreaming by night, of all sorts of drinks from champagne to Arizona ditch water, that they landed on Macquestian, with eighteen months of accumulated thirst, multiplied by three.

It was Macquestian's melancholy countenance, and the dead, dry, gurgleless jug that jarred them nigh unto death. An up-river pilgrim, who had just tasted Macquestian's fare, seeing his embarrassment produced a small bottle of painkiller, passing it in silence to the host. Jack split it in three and set it in front of the three travelers, who were now seated at the slab table. That painkiller passed as swiftly and unceremoniously as three cottontails might pass to the interior of three hungry coyotes. To be sure this would not go far against eighteen months of thirst, multiplied by three, but it showed Jack's good intentions, self-denial and hospitality, and put the visitors easy.

That night about the slab table the host and his guests sat playing cards by the dim light of a tallow dip. One of the prospectors sat on a wooden box that contained a tin can that might have held coal oil.

Once, when the miner hitched his seat, he heard it gurgle. The others heard it also and shot sharp glances at each other and at Macquestian. The miner jostled it, and it gurgled again. Macquestian explained that it was alcohol, but poison. "She's arsinicated" said Jack, "sent here from the Smithsonian Institution to test minerals and pickle mosquitoes. I writ back to the pint that I want no bug-hunter, advisin' 'em to take the truck away. The Government answered, saying, 'Keep it, but don't drink it, for it's deadly.'"

The miner got up, tipped the box at one side,and read the dread sentence, "Arsenic," and saw the skull and cross bones printed thereon. He jostled it gently and it gurgled softly, like the low, sweet ripple of a running brook. It was torture to the pilgrims to hear it gurgle so. The game lost interest from that on. Presently one of the trio of travelers slammed his hand down and shoved back.

It's worth the effort," he said, staring in front of him at nothing in particular.

"No, let me," said the man who sat on the poison. "I made the strike and I'm willing to chance it. It would be worth a life to know that was good medicine, and if it should

pan out bad, well, it's my prospect and no one's to blame."

Jack looked troubled. He began to argue with the would-be martyr, but the miner was willing to offer himself up for the sake of Science—and thirst.

They removed the top cover from the box and lifted the can from its resting place. Sandy who had been sitting on the poison, now seated himself on a slab bench, his back to the wall, and his elbows on the table.

One of his companions poured a goodly dose of the drug into a tin cup, and set it before the martyr. Macquestian put a pencil and a scrap of paper in front of the man, saying as as he did so, "Thought you might want to make your tistiment in case the pison showed a disposition to do you up."

Sandy accepted these favors as a matter of course, and picked up the pint cup.

The four men watched him in silence as he drank it down.

What way ar-re ye feelin', Sandy?"

"All right," said Sandy.

Ten minutes later they gave him the second dose.

Breathlessly they watched Sandy. When they inquired as to his condition he answered "better."

They let him rest only five minutes between the second and third treatment. After that Sandy helped himself.

"How ar-re ye now?" asked the man who had been pouring the poison.

"Bully," said Sandy.

"Thin begorry here's to the hereafter," said the doctor, and he began to pour the poison.

Now the others set a watch over the two brave boys who were blowing in the muzzle of this deadly thing in the name of Science—and thirst. Sandy began to smile. The Irishman took another drink, staring stolidly into the future. Sandy laughed out loud, and the Irishman started a come-all-ye song.

One by one the others took up the tin and tempted the Reaper.

The up-river pilgrim hesitated, but by this time the Arizonians were whooping it up and he fell.

Only old Jack gazing mutely upon the skull and cross bones box, held out. "Come," said Sandy, passing the can and the cup to the host. "Drink ye cravin coward," cried the Irishman, "Or-r we'll dhrench ye," and Macquestian reached for the cup.

Half an hour later they were all glorious.

"Behold," said the Irishman lifting the tight can, "the pison is all gone an' the gover'mint at Washington sthil lives."

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# Godspeed

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

The train pulls out across the dusk,
The winking tail-lights die,
Across the yards the whistles call,
"Who comes? Who stays? Good-bye!"
The sun sets red above the town,
The smoke hangs thick and gray,
And you must go across the world
Before the close of day.
And you must go, sweetheart, sweetheart,
The days go trailing by,
For you must go and I must stay,—
God keep you, dear. Good-bye!

# Victoria, the Picture-Book City

By Edward G. Lowry

*Washington Correspondent of the Evening Post, New York*

It is one of the copy-book rules of achievement that to attain success one must begin at the bottom and work upward. This does not apply to digging a well, nor to the city of Victoria.

As a City Beautiful, Victoria began at the top. From the beginning it has been a place of pleasant gardens and of entrancing homes bowered in roses. Nothing crude or raw or hideous has been permitted to intrude its ugly head. In the south of England there are villages that have attained the same effect after centuries of permanence and quiet living. Victoria has achieved an English atmosphere. She is very proud of it. Victorians call their town "a bit of old England set on the shores of the Pacific." Their claim for pre-eminence is that they have the most beautiful city and the pleasantest to live in on the American continent. No one who has visited the place and enjoyed its hospitality will dispute the assertion.

The pleasant inhabitants of this picture-book town put the joys of clean, sweet living and neighborliness before business. The residence streets are more like English lanes than the thoroughfares of a modern community. They are narrow and wander about aimlessly, lined with hawthorns and flowering hedges or with vine-covered walls. There is a curious story about the walls. When the indefatigable tourist began to find out about the charms of Victoria and visit it in numbers, it awakened in the citizens the instincts of hospitality. They felt it incumbent upon them to do something for the visitors to make them enjoy their stay. The men formed an association and called upon the ladies to aid them in their plans.

It was proposed that when visitors with proper credentials came to town they should be received at the homes of the people and shown the pleasant, secluded gardens, the lawns, and the flowers. The men had arranged a program of some six or eight propositions, all but one of which were acceded to by the women of the town. That was that they should tear away their walls so that the visitor walking along the streets could see the beauties that are now hidden. At this proposal the women revolted. They would not lose the privacy so dear to the English heart, and, besides, who ever heard of a garden that was not surrounded by a wall? Properly enough, they refused to listen to the suggestion.

Now the casual visitor to Victoria is conveyed through the town on the top of a high four-in-hand coach, from which point of vantage he may easily peer over the obstructing walls and see the little groups at tea or playing tennis or bowls on their lawns. The experience makes one feel like an eavesdropper, but the glimpses and scenes revealed are undeniably charming.

The climate of Victoria comes as near being ideal as is given to any spot on the habitable globe. It is warm in the winter and cool in the summer, and all the year round the atmospheric conditions are equable and mild. Roses bloom outdoors in February. The rainfall is slight and infrequent. What moisture is needed comes from the warm Japan current, yet they will tell you there is never a wilting humidity.

With such conditions it is inevitable that the population should live out of doors and all of them, man woman and child, engage in some form of sport. Ashore they play cricket, baseball, tennis, and golf. The sheltered waters make bathing, sailing, and canoeing possible every month in the year. Every afternoon one

sees youths in flannels, and groups of girls on the way to and from the playing fields or the pleasant reaches of the protected waters of Oak Bay. The late afternoon brings tea and delicious little cakes and cigarettes, and charming lazy little parties, which later slowly disperse to dress for dinner, taken at this time of the year under the awnings on broad verandas in the long, soft twilights.

At the back door of Victoria is an unexplored wilderness. The city is situated at the southern extremity of Vancouver Island, overlooking the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, and beyond the Gulf of Georgia, the mainland. This island has not only never been completely surveyed, but a large part of it has never been explored or traversed by any white man. For the most part it is impenetrable bush and heavily wooded. Some Victorians have camps in the accessible parts of the island, and bears and deer are killed every year. Victoria is the capital of British Columbia and the Government buildings rank with the handsomest in America. From Beacon Hill Park one sees across the strait the beautiful Olympic Mountains, and far away to the east the white, snow-capped cone of Mount Baker is conspicuous.

The trip from Victoria up to Vancouver is conceded to be one of the notable inland water trips of the world. The steamers are fast and modern. The scenery of mountain and wood and water fills the eye with delight. Nearly all the way there are a succession of snow-capped peaks and ranges. The distance is only eighty-four miles, and yet Vancouver is as different from Victoria as it is possible for one city to be from another. Vancouver is the Pacific terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is all for business. The town is called the "Liverpool of the Pacific," and its citizens are doing their best to live up to the name.

Until May, 1886, the present site was a virgin forest. Then the railroad came in, and from May to July of that year the growth of the town was phenomenal. Then came a disaster. In July, a fire spreading from the surrounding forest burned away every vestige of the town with the exception of one house. The people set to work to build a new town on the ashes of the old. They have builded admirably. Vancouver is to-day solid and well made. There is nothing shabby about it; the streets are well paved and are kept clean. Architecturally, the town is modern and comparable to any of the new first-class American cities. It is altogether one of the most prosperous looking towns in the West.

There is a good harbor. The city fronts on Burrard Inlet, and extends across a strip of land to English Bay, along the shore of which it is now reaching out. The wharfage facilities are constantly being increased, and there are enough capacious warehouses to care for the traffic. The city has many miles of asphalt streets, cement sidewalks, an electric street railway system, and is lighted both by gas and by electricity.

Vancouver as a port is yearly becoming very important. At present there is a regular steamship service to Victoria, Nanaimo, and San Francisco, to China and Japan, to Sydney, New South Wales, via Honolulu, Suva, Fiji, and Brisbane, and to Puget Sound and Alaskan ports. This is one of the principal points of departure on the coast for the Yukon and other northern gold fields, and an outfitting headquarters for miners and prospectors. The country to the southward, towards the Fraser, is one of fine farms and is adapted for fruit growing. There is an electric railway from Vancouver to Steveston, intersecting this district and giving access to the salmon canneries at the foot of the Fraser River. The coal supply for the city and the steamers comes from Nanaimo, directly across the Straits of Georgia, and almost within sight. The back-country offers almost endless opportunities for sport and big-game shooting.

No more attractive places than these two cities of Victoria and Vancouver are to be found on the American continent.

A BUSINESS THOROUGHFARE IN CALGARY

*See Page* 30]

# THE FURNACE

By Philip Payne

*Author of "The Mills of Man," "The Duchess of Few-Clothes," etc.*

## CHAPTER SIX.

### ELEVATED DIALOGUES.

"How nice of you to come back so soon," said Mrs. Worth, who prudently had avoided the night airs.

"Oh, I'd ten times rather listen in here than to the raptures outside about the view," Wytcherly none too pleasantly replied.

"But I knew you were such a thoughtful man," she persisted in her construction of his act. "And now we'll have a cosey little talk all to ourselves. Do tell me, you are so clever, what do you think of her?"

"Of Mrs. Eccleston you mean?"

"Of course. You agree with everyone of course that she is very stylish and distinguished. But don't you think she is a little bit too old? Very *chic*, but verging on *passe*, is the way I describe her to myself. My own inclination is much more for Patrice, and you will agree with me, I know, since you are so clever, Mr. Wytcherly."

"But I don't think I do," the impossible man announced. Perversity, not policy, was ever the director of his tongue. And he vigourously derided the comparison of an unformed girl with an accomplished woman. "A girl's too simple," he concluded, "like words in a spelling book—all there, but ungrouped. While a woman such as Mrs. Eccleston, is as complete as poetry. The very years and their griefs have contributed a tone."

Mrs. Worth was praise-worthily shocked. "You will not admit that you are actually too depraved to admire the wholesome innocence of our girls, I trust."

Wytcherly gasped. Such a construction of his paradox had not occurred to him.

"Besides I know you can't think disappointment makes a woman beautiful, whatever you say," triumphantly she added.

"Is she disappointed?" he questioned skeptically.

"If she isn't, pray tell me what you'd call it," she retorted with sarcasm. "Though I tell Mr. Worth that her unhappiness exists in her own imagination, three-fourths of it."

"But Mr. Worth admires her. All the way up on the yacht he kept telling me that she was this and she was that."

"Just like him; Romaine has him hypnotized. The dear good man really can't turn round, unless she tells him how. It's gotten so whatever comes into the Castle must be marked with her O.K. He feels he gets his money's worth, because she's warranted a gentlewoman, and he's not having a spurious article palmed off on him. To be sure she is precisely what he needs, I tell them both, considering his early disadvantages and his total lack of culture."

Wytcherly, to change the theme, remarked that he had once or twice met Mr. Eccleston at the factory.

"You liked him?" Mrs. Worth inquired. "Everybody does."

"Yes, in a manner," he admitted.

"She does herself. She can't help it—Mark is the kindest man to her."

"Then there isn't really any trouble?

"The trouble is herself, as I tell Mr. Worth."

"She doesn't look the woman who causelessly complains."

"She doesn't. She knows a trick worth two of that, endures mutely her weight of woe, stalks around in grand tragedy. All you men pity her."

"I? I haven't."

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"You will. As if her husband wasn't as good as the things most women have for husbands! Mr. Worth says of course she can't respect him. Stuff! she'd respect him fast enough, if Mark Eccleston were as rich as he once was. I tell Mr. Worth she hates like sixty to be poor, and that's the whole secret of her terrible affliction. To be sure, with the natural hypocrisy of our sex everything she finds disagreeable she blames upon the spiritual and intellectual shortcomings of poor Mark. Positively I haven't any patience with Romaine!"

. . . .

If Miss Powell indulged a captious humor, her suitor did a sullen. Since dinner she had not expressed a word of admiration for himself, and he had sulked for lack of the customary cheer.

She seated herself with a bump on a bench within the colonnade, and there was no room for another at her side, as she purposely very much enlarged her skirts. Disconsolately he stood beside her, his posture a mute protest.

She struck the pavement sharp clicks with her impatient heels. "So you couldn't interest Romaine a little bit with Mr Wytcherly around." The truth was she was mortified.

"When a woman is seeking frivolous distraction, she turns to her inferiors, does she not?" he loftily excused his failure.

."Romaine never stoops, I'll have you know." She challenged instantly. "Which explains, no doubt, why she wouldn't so much as notice you."

"But," excepted the professor, "by your own account she must have stooped, when she married as she did." He had the better in mere argument.

"Pooh!" Patrice disdained the logic. "Romaine isn't the only woman who has married the wrong man. Sometime when I feel like it, I may do that very thing myself, and it scares me stiff to think I may be just such a fool."

Professor Byram winced; but unselfishly took advantage of the opening to moralize a little for her benefit. "You will not be in danger, unless you choose deliberately to ignore the admonition of your serious character, which, enlightened by culture—"

"Oh, shoot your culture!" she outrageously exclaimed.

"No, it will not answer to shoot culture," he persisted solemnly. "I use your own inelegance of diction. One's culture, as one's conscience, must be reckoned with. So much so that if a young woman indiscreetly permits herself to become infatuated with a man perhaps of adventitious brilliance or of social eminence, whose quality nevertheless may be associated with defective breeding or an intellectual dearth, she either will, as does your friend, bitterly repent of her imprudence, or must insensibly decline to the low level of her mate."

"What, pray, would you prescribe to counteract the danger, particularly if the symptoms of the degrading tendency appeared in a Chicago girl?" mocked Patrice, impatient of the homily. "I know—don't tell me I don't know! Let her marry a professor, to be sure, University of the West preferred. Linked to him, she can't sink down—his superiority will act to drag her up, whether she's willing or unwilling."

Professor Byram grieved. "You wilfully confound my individual aspirations with my duty to the abstract truth. My presentation of the latter was prompted exclusively by a disinterested concern for your own best happiness.

"Give my happiness a rest, will you?" The young woman was very much disgruntled. "Your remembering it in your prayers will neither make nor mar it—put that in your pipe."

"Oh, you do not understand," he lamentously complained. "And I fancied you so different from any other woman."

"You bet I'm not," she vigorously repudiated the slighting imputation. "I am just as unreliable as the best of them. But let me get up—I'm tired sitting still and hearing you preach."

. . . .

Mr. Worth with Mrs Eccleston upon his arm walked the circuit of the battlements.

He congratulated her upon what he styled "the success" of the Tower, executed by the architect after her

design. "And now that we have it on our hands, what shall we do with it?" he asked. "How am I to employ it? I can't be satisfied with letting it lie idle—everything about me must be doing something, or I don't sleep at night."

She was amused as she had often been by these indications of what she styled the persistent passion of the money-making mind to keep the wheels revolving everywhere. "Why not give a dinner, Mr. Worth?" she proposed. "Not an ordinary dinner, but one—to—to—make the hair curl"—she laughed—"as you Americans sometimes say."

"Now that might just about fit the bill," he considered slowly.—"The most expensive dinner ever given in the West—that would foot up fine." A doubt occurred to him. "But you would have to promise to help out—I couldn't think of handling it alone, and you know about how much I could depend on Mrs. Worth, even if she were able physically—"

"Naturally I will do anything I can," she hastened to say. "Since I was guilty of suggesting it, I ought to promise so much, had I not?—What a prospect in the daytime you must have from here!"

"All the works of Nature," he enthusiastically responded,—"See, there's the lighthouse opposite your place." He stopped.—"But some boat's at anchor in the channel.—There, Romaine!"

"Yes, it is the Sea Fox," he was told. "I saw her coming in on my way up to dinner."

"But she was not to arrive until next week," he began. "Of course Mark's aboard," he added in another tone.

"He is at Idlenesse," Mark's wife said.

"Well, never mind!" he bade her reassuredly, at the same time leading her away.—"Come over on the west side and watch the ships.—That's an ore boat, that moving light, conveying iron to the South Chicago furnaces. Those rows of lights yonder belong to a big liner bound for the resorts."

"The procession, I call it," she accepted the diversion. "I watch it go past Idlenesse night after night. One light at least is always passing, and I get out of bed to see them, to sit in the window as they go gliding by. Strange, to be oneself within the wilderness and yet just over the fence from a main-traveled road!" She laughed at her forced conceit, but her voice broke at the end miserably.

"See here,"—Mr. Worth's business habit was to come to the point—"let me do something. I can't see you suffering like this. I haven't any daughter of my own; but I know how I should feel, if a daughter of mine stood in your place tonight."

Was it surprising that the harassed woman involuntarily gave her friend a look of gratitude?

"Let me do something," he continued. "In this world something always can be done. Let me see. I'll tell you what I'll do: when the Sea Fox finishes her cruise I'll pack Mark off to Europe, make him catch the next steamer, and he can put in his time creating a demand for breakfast food among those behind-the-times nations. I'll warrant it will take him quite a while."

Her patron's "tradesman's humor" provoked her faintest smile. "Will Mark consent?" she asked.

"Mark will not mind." The positiveness was comforting. "Mark, in fact, will like traveling and charging his expense account to Worth and Ware. And if Europe refuses to be converted, he can go on to Japan. If the Japs can thrive on rice, they ought to welcome my stuff."

Unhappily her smiling ceased before it fairly was begun. Realization of her exigency struck her heart cold. "But he is here—tonight—at home," in desperation she exclaimed.

"Don't suppose for a moment that we will allow you to return at this late hour, Romaine." Mr. Worth rose cheerfully to the emergency. "Not to be thought of I do assure you. Mrs. Worth, I'm confident, wouldn't hear of it—neither would Patrice. Then tomorrow the first thing I'll see Marriott, the owner of the yacht. He

"JACK HERE'S A POET," HE ANNOUNCED. "AND WE FOUR, JACK, ARE A BOGUS POETICAL QUARTETTE."

is a little under obligation to me, as it happens, and he'll decide he wants to leave for Lake Superior specially at six in the evening by the clock. No lingering in these waters. Now just leave everything to me—I'll settle it."

## CHAPTER SEVEN.

### INTIMATE SCENES.

Patrice Powell, with her brown hair loosed upon her neck, and her round smooth arms exposed, slipped into the bedroom of her friend. Mrs Eccleston had not started to undress; she was seated in a low rocking chair, staring at nothing.

The girl, shod in slippers, stole silently across, and seized the dreamer's head between her palms. "Who am I?" she cried.

Peeping down into the other's eyes, "Mooning, are you?" she smilingly accused. Seriously: "Do you know what I think? Romaine, I suspect you are tremendously impressed by that advertising chap of Uncle Worth's—you, you, Romaine, and all you are."

"Sit down," the lady said, "and be sane."

The girl with supple ease dropped into the familiar place at the other's feet, from which posture she looked up. "You're tired, Romaine, and blue—I know the signs. Lie down now and let me cuddle you up. I was expressly made for cuddling and it will cheer you up."

An amused perception prompted the response: "I quite believe you, child. For marrying, in other words—you were designed by nature for a wife."

Patrice flushed to the tops of her pretty ears. She bridled: "Oh, you needn't feel superior, because you aren't. To be designed to be that, isn't disrespectable, is it?"

"Tut, tut, I am foreseeing what a wife you'll be," replied her friend. "Those velvet arms, Patrice, those roseleaf lips! Indeed, he'll be in luck, the man."

The girl shivered delightedly in her shift.

Mrs. Eccleston cupped the small chin with her palm. "Lift up your eyes to mine, deceitful Sugarplums! Confess, you may as well, you have contracted for your owner."

"No, no, no!" with giggling and with fury Patrice disclaimed. Then in a rapture she embraced her own warm body. I haven't. I postponed him on the Tower tonight, when he grew suddenly too pressing. He's simply got to foot up to the mark in your opinion first, that young man has."

The appointed judge declined the dubious honor. "It cannot matter what I think, when finally you must decide of and by and for yourself."

"Yes, I know I am the people," laughed the girl. "But you matter a great deal as he will find out."

"But I wash my hands," protested Mrs. Eccleston. "Catch me interposing between you and your dear. Heigh-ho you'd prove a perfect little tiger-cat, Patrice."

"But are you not my closest, truest, sweetest friend?" the latter cooed, stroking that friend's hand with her own satin-textured cheek. "And wasn't he invited to the island purposely for you to see?"

"But I've troubles of my own," said Mrs Eccleston with a humorous grimace. "I am not out looking for more."

"Don't you like him?" The question was a charge. "You don't like him." The indictment was direct.

"Dear me, I've scarcely seen the man," the guilty one demurred. "And, come to think of it, do you like him yourself?"

Patrice with sudden gravity ruffled her fair brows. "Well, Romaine, you know, I think he's safe."

This conservative deliverance evoked Mrs. Eccleston's contempt. "Patrice, are you politic, or a plain case of a fool?"

"Well, a girl must marry some time, mustn't she?" The pleading was by way of axiomatic truth. "And he is a professor in the university, you know, and professors all have culture, or they wouldn't be professors for a minute, I suppose. Besides professors can't be fast—they're not allowed."

"Yes, a professor is a paragon," the lady scoffed. "Also an intellectual missionary in Chicago, I am told."

"But I am serious, Romaine,"

declared Patrice. "This is the way I reason it out: A professor, although he's sure not to be fast, yet you can't exactly accuse of being slow. What I mean is, you wouldn't be ashamed of him, as if he were a genuine goody-good, you know."

"In this connection may I not inquire after George?" Mrs. Eccleston was sly. "I haven't heard that he is fast, and yet you cannot set him down for slow."

The girl's eyes shot defiance, before her whole expression turned demure. "And if he isn't, is it his fault, poor boy? He has nothing, positively nothing, to hinder him from acting devilish—no mother,and no sisters that he likes, and twenty times more money than is good for him.'

"Instead of waxing lachrymose about his sad estate, if I were you, I'd marry George, and spend his money for him, and keep him from the dogs," the confessor very properly advised.

"But could I get along without a bit of culture, or any intellectual sympathy?" Patrice was almost plaintive. "You know, Romaine, in what an atmosphere of advanced ideas I was brought up—I've told you what advanced ideas poor papa had."

Mrs. Eccleston turned her head to smile. "If your professor makes you happy, child, there's nothing else can matter."

Departing, Patrice both revenged herself for the irrelevant mention of George, and discharged what she conceived to be her duty toward her friend. She looked back from the aperture of her own door: "I am uneasy in my mind Romaine—that is what I really came to say. You don't intend, I hope, to get too enthusiastic about that—clerk of Uncle Worth's. You know you let yourself be carried away sometimes, dear, you know you do."

. . . . .

"Mr. Worth informs me that you have been a newspaper man the major portion of your life." said Professor Byram, addressing Wytcherly.

He had halted in his progress from the bedroom to the bathroom. He was enveloped in his bathrobe, and towels hung upon his arm. That another shared his sitting-room exacted the courtesy of recognition from him.

"Yes," answered Wytcherly, barely looking up from the Chicago morning newspaper. "And you've been a school-master?"

"I have taught in colleges." The correction was precise. "I occupy a chair in the University of the West."

"You don't say," said Wytcherly.

"And I shouldn't mind having some brief talk with you of newspapers and newspaper life," graciously continued the professor. "Your craft must demand, I fancy, a mental dexterity, such as my profession does not call into play."

"Fortunately for you," smiled Wytcherly.

The point eluded the professor. "However that may be, nothing, I assure you, is now considered foreign to our scholarship. The critical scrutiny of modern culture is brought to bear on the whole range of social activity. Therefore I am enabled to assert that I will be delighted to learn of the newspaper from you."

"Well, you can learn," said Wytcherly, as the pedagogue disappeared in the direction of the bathroom, whence soon issued a noise of water stirred.

"An academic fish!" reflected the unelect Philistine, "who imagines that his splash makes the world sit up and listen, as it does his university."

On the way back from his ablutions Professor Byram again was affable. "Interesting house-party, don't you find it?"

"If that is what you call it," Wytcherly replied.

"Women who are worth while," stated the professor. "Or, perhaps, you scarcely consider yourself qualified to judge."

"I don't," said Wytcherly. "They are out of my class."

"I understand, I understand," in kindly comprehension Professor Byram nodded. "Your particular world, I dare say does not include many women—ahem—of the patrician caste?"

"I should say not," Wytcherly emphatically confirmed the truth of the surmise.

"Then Mrs. Eccleston will indeed

constitute a richly remunerative experience for you," the authority announced. "I envy you the freshness of the impression you will receive."

"She seems to know enough to know about how to handle you, I observed," said Wytcherly.

The professor gasped, but he resumed: "And Miss Powell? You find her equally unfamiliar, I venture to assume. For you would not be likely to come in contact with the high-bred, thoroughly cultivated, fashionable girl of today, while pursuing your avocation as a newspaper man."

"Not much," laughed Wytcherly.

"This visit then of yours to Castle Caribou may be considered as an event in your life—am I not right, Wytcherly?"

"Your divination, my dear sir, is as exact as it is surprising."

Such cordial tribute pleased Professor Byram. Unconsciously he posed in the attitude of one positively assured of another's admiration.

His fair skin glowed rosily from the bath; his chestnut hair, divided in the middle, was patted very smoothly down on either side. Some comeliness of arrangement and delicacy of modeling characterized the smallish features, the mouth being bowed and the expression sensitive. But the chin was indecisive and the eyes a little vague, despite the intellectual ardors with which by their owner's purpose they were forced to glow.

"Yes, you may deem yourself fortunate, Wytcherly," he declared. "Distinguished associations to anyone whose social opportunities have been small, operate as in the nature of an education in elegance, I should say."

"Indeed, I appreciate, I assure you, my unusual advantages," said Wytcherly, "of which I count not the least my intercourse with you, Professor Byram. In fact, I don't remember having met anybody like yourself before."

There stood a mirror in the room somewhat in the rear of Wytcherly. Before it the flattered gentleman of learning preened, fancying himself undetected in the vanity.

"I—I am gratified to hear you speak as you do, Wytcherly. Sometime you must tell me what more particularly I mean to you, I think. The occasion should be delayed, however, until you are grown better acquainted with the subtle phases of my intellectuality—no doubt you follow my thought. Good-night now. I'm positive that we have commenced an acquaintance which will prove worth while—equally to both of us, let us hope."

## CHAPTER EIGHT.

### AFFINITY.

"You are such a good man." Mrs. Worth, who could be trusted to flatter the particular vanity of each individual in the world, continually assured her husband that he was good. As for Mr. Worth, he was incontinently proud of the fact of his goodness—he had almost rather have forfeited title to real estate than to his full estate in it.

Being sedulously good, he was scrupulous in acquainting his wife with the incidents, as they arose, of the friendship between Mrs. Eccleston and himself. That is to say, he was himself persuaded that he was candid and that he withheld nothing. To be sure nothing had arisen which prudence would withhold. Not the most exacting censor could impute evil to his relationship with a woman whom he treated as if she were his own daughter and whom he consulted in questions of taste and "culture," as he consulted his lawyer in matters of contract.

He visited his wife's room before he retired that night. Mrs. Worth was propped up in the middle of the great bed precisely as if she still sat in her wheel-chair. Her maid had finished with her for the night; but her eyes, black and beady, shone drily in their shrunken sockets, and weary though she was, she knew that not for hours would she be refreshed in sleep.

Mr. Worth did not maintain in private his stately custom of addressing his wife as "my queen"; but if he was direct, he was kind in words at least, since usually a peculiar look of his sufficed to reduce her to submission. He fancied that she was completely his instrument, and that he was not influenced in the least by her.

He informed her now of his determination to arrange to keep Mark Eccleston at a distance from his wife. "I'll settle it," he declared, "if I have to pay the good-for-nothing to put the Atlantic between Romaine and himself."

"But they are not the only married people who are incompatible," Mrs. Worth protested, "and very ugly rumors might be started, Sterling, if it became known that you had interfered."

"We have no children of our own, Harriett," he rejoined, his wife feeling the reproach, "and so you can't blame me if I choose to feel about Romaine as I might about a daughter."

"I see you are determined to have your own way, Sterling," sighed Mrs. Worth in well feigned resignation. "And I know you mean all for the best, you are so good. But don't blame me when some fine time your motives are misconstrued and a full-fledged scandal, as scandals do, break out. A scandal isn't necessarily the truth, you know, it's merely what people say about the truth."

Mr. Worth in his activity was nothing if not immediate—his fault had never been procrastination. The following morning, when he sent Mrs. Eccleston home in the launch to Idlenesse, he saw to it that Patrice Powell went with her friend. "The launch will call for you at three o'clock, Patrice," he said, "so you may stay to luncheon, if Romaine cares to have you."

He also took supplemental measures later in the day. For one thing he sought out Wytcherly. "Jack," he said, "run over to Mrs. Eccleston's cottage this afternoon for me, will you? Too, bad to make a messenger of you; but you will find Mark Eccleston is there, he came in on the Sea Fox last night. Tell him I must see him before he leaves, the yacht sails this evening at six, and that I'll be at Idlenesse for him an hour or so before."

Patrice was very welcome at the luncheon table in the cottage. Mark Eccleston liked girls, especially stylish and pretty ones, and he made himself agreeable—to be disagreeable usually cost Mark decided effort, in fact. And Patrice, who was accustomed in her own mind to commiserate her friend for the husband in the case, wondered whether after all the sympathy had not been more or less superfluous. Perhaps, as Aunt Worth was positive, Romaine had herself to blame that her marriage was intolerable.

In the way of reparation for the bad opinion she had entertained of him and also with the laudable purpose of encouraging matrimonial contentment in her friend, Patrice, while putting on her hat in Mrs. Eccleston's room, ventured to express a few of her revisions.

"I never imagined he could be so nice. Why, the man's perfectly charming, Romaine. No one could be jollier or more entertaining than he was at the table, and really, I've concluded, you are rather to be envied, dear."

"I'm glad you like Mr. Eccleston," his wife replied. "Most people do. In fact I find I do myself," she added in an unconscious endeavor to be just. "He means to be what he means by a good fellow, and he is. More than many more pretentious people, I suppose, Mark lives up to his lights."

"Well," said Patrice with the most righteous of intentions, "I am sure a good many girls must envy you, Romaine. Of course," she laughed, "he is a shade too stout, but his white mustache is killing and his baldness becomes his style. And then, he is so amiable—I don't believe he'd object if I were to pinch him, Romaine, just black and blue."

"I'm sure I wish you would," Mrs. Eccleston smiled: Then in what might be contrition: "Poor Mark, who knows, he might have been so much happier and better with a dear girl like you."

"I think I am now ready to depart," concluded Patrice, making some last adjustments before the glass. She turned. "Anyhow, I love you, Romaine, better than most anything," She embraced her friend. "Why, even if you should be so foolish, at your age and all that, as to fall in love with that Wytcherly man, I'd forgive you." The half-serious girl raised a warning finger: "But not, not if you eloped."

To his wife's relief Mark Eccleston

proposed to avail himself of the Castle launch which had come for Miss Powell, to transport him to the side of the Sea Fox. "It will save me rowing myself out to her," he explained, "and I'll get a sailor to row me back in the course of a half hour or so. As we get older, we get lazier, Miss Powell."

"Oh, you wouldn't feel so old, if you were less lazy," the latter retorted. "Being nimble is one secret of staying young."

Mrs. Eccleston from the gallery watched the launch draw away. Patrice was very merry, and Mark looked droll. "Don't flirt," she called laughingly, "or rather do, if you only can."

She watched them until the launch reached the anchored yacht, when she returned indoors to finish her housework. Despite her bringing up and her quite absorbing interest in intellectual things, Mrs. Eccleston had learned since her marriage how to keep house. She kept house well, finding in work, physical work, relief from excess of sorrow and of thought.

But work did not proceed happily this afternoon. To the weariness and abnegation of her morning mood had succeeded a reckless and defiant spirit. She thought: "There go those two people in the launch, both completely happy. Why shouldn't I be happy, too? Each of them is superficial, each in a different way, and each finds living a tolerable experience. Each is happy, because each has or takes what each most desires, and I am dolorous because I dare not or can not. Why should a mere nice girl like Patrice be happy, or a good-natured sensualist like Mark, while I, because I am handicapped by the possession of a mind and perhaps a soul, am miserable? And I don't enjoy being miserable; I have not the martyr's faculty for torturing happiness from wretchedness."

She sprang up quickly, when Agnes announced that Mr. Wytcherly was in the sitting-room. She swept in to see him with a rush.

"Indeed, I am glad to see you Mr.. Wytcherly," she cordially declared. "I was quite consumed with ennui, and you are just the one at this instant to provoke in me an interest."

Wytcherly was scarcely prepared for the vivacity of this reception, although he had to learn she was a complex woman, a distracting, contradictory blend, in whom contended inherited traditions with modern tendencies, feudal instinct and new emancipations. He saw this afternoon that she seemed young, irresponsible, nearly a madcap. Her shining silken hair was tumbled about her brows, her hazel eyes were dancing, and shots of color glowed in her cheeks. Last night he had suspected she was the tragic muse, a brooding mind, a passion of indifference, to be aroused to a transitory warmth by some brilliant sally of his own, some glittering falsity.

Wytcherly, as might be surmised, was himself no stagnant temperament; the wind of change breathed every hour upon his spirit's pool, altering its current or its hue. His countenance expressed the differences—at times it was repulsive, twisted to unlovely scorns, steeped in vinegar and vitriol—at others, more frequent ones, he looked the seraph or the impish elf, or both. The present moment chanced to be a period of felicity with him.

And that which he was or seemed this afternoon, Mrs. Eccleston, fastidious herself, and exquisitely critical even in the very process of her spontaneity, found keen delight in. His peculiar vividness—the phrase was her own—was so exceptional. While the Byronic collar that he wore, and the blue sash with dots of white, reminded her so strongly of a little boy that her hand was narrowly prevented from reaching forth to adjust the bow.

Naturally their wits played about the Castle folk.

"Patrice's a perfect dear, but in apprehension she's a squirrel," said Mrs. Eccleston. "Have you heard her tell how advanced she is?"

"She will never tell me anything," answered Wytcherly. "She doesn't even condescend to me. But she reveres the Professor."

"Poor man, don't envy him. He has his troubles—she supplies them," the lady laughed. In another tone: "So neither do you perceive his charm?"

"Of what is it composed? Of pro-

fessional manner, of intellectual condescension or mimic English accent?" mocked Wytcherly. "He insists, you know, that you defer to him as you would to genius."

"And when one is a genius oneself, it is difficult to be called upon to do homage to a pretence, of course," she challenged with gay eyes.

Wytcherly bridled. He explained: "The creature strutted all around me this morning, and laid down the literary law. And whenever I expressed dissent he flushed up to his Jovian brow, and stuttered angrily."

"Oh, the man's a lecturer by nature as well as by appointment," Mrs. Eccleston agreed. "She will not be able to have a small opinion of her own, I tell Patrice."

Their eyes meeting, they laughed in unison.

"We can spot a human foible when we see it, we two, I guess," he remarked, as soon as he could speak or she could hear. It was true. And if the faculty were not a curse, assuredly it had been no blessing to either one of them.

"Yes, the superior gentleman discanted upon generalities a long time to me, and then he said that Mr. Worth had mentioned that I was a poet. I informed him I was a rhymster on a journal, until Mr. Worth had rescued me from the questionable occupation by making me an advertising man. Whereupon he looked both shocked and even more superior. But, recovering himself, he stated that Mr. Worth had said some of my rhymes were a little better than other people's, many. And he asserted finally that he wouldn't mind looking over a few, if I had any with me, for he thought he might do me some good."

"Never let him," counseled Mrs. Eccleston. "Somehow, you know, I distrust that man."

"I don't. I detest him," declared Wytcherly.

"But I had a message to deliver," the messenger remembered. "From Mr. Worth to Mr. Eccleston."

"Mark is not here," smiled his wife. "Patrice took him to the yacht before you came."

"Then I'd best be boarding that yacht," concluded Wytcherly.

## CHAPTER NINE.

### MARK ECCLESTON.

The white and golden Sea Fox was swinging loosely at its anchor in the channel off Idlenesse. Wytcherly, riding close under the side, admiringly surveyed her length.

"Would I like to own you?" he asked himself. " 'Twould be a rover and his low rakish craft. I'd stick your nose into every secret bay and hidden cove within the compass of the lakes. I'd stretch me on your decks clear nights, and listen for the rush of worlds in space. I'd point you into storms and be myself the lookout at your prow. Gadzooks, the best death to be imagined is to be brave in a gale and to be buried with one's ship under fathoms of green foam. But, humph, when I grew weary of you, what a lump you'd be upon my hands! I'd divorce you like a shot, scuttle you over some fathomless hole. I'd call you the Sultana, for a token that you might at any moment get the sack."

A period was put to this extravaganza by a voice from above.

"Fine lines you think she has? And you're quite right there, Jack Wytcherly, old chap. Step aboard, and look her over—I'll promise you a something on the side. We're a crew of jolly sailors, and you'll think us immense."

"Can't resist your so seductive invitation, Mark Eccleston, Esquire. I'll hitch my kettle to your spar and be up there in a jiffy."

"Do it quick. You're in the nick of time—we yachtsmen are about to liquidate."

Mark had met Wytcherly but once that he remembered; but Mark never let ceremony stand in the way. He welcomed Wytcherly, therefore, as if they two had been old chums, and Wytcherly, being a Bohemian, responded in kind.

Clad in white flannels and crowned with a white yachting cap, whose brim was encircled by gold braid, Mark Eccleston presented "a fine figure of a man," provided a well-fed, well-set-up, jovial, handsome animal can claim the

phrase's benefit. As he was, most men liked him, and many women too.

For a large atmosphere of ease and good-nature surrounded Mark, embellishing his physical charm, as a halo enhances the virtue of a saint. Others were affected by him to a better disposition towards themselves, and a more humorous tolerance of their species. Exuberant Mark fulfilled a function: he extracted pleasure from unpropitious circumstances and inspired morose individuals to sociability. He was neither judge nor critic—the most he required of his fellows was a small contribution to the general entertainment. His example of geniality was so well thought of that gentlemen of leisure demanded his assistance in quaffing their champagne. Although he invariably complied, he had not acquired a reputation as a sponge.

Wytcherly somehwere in his desultory reading had encountered the great God Pan. Mark Eccleston somehow reminded him of Pan. Mark was musical and strummed the banjo; was poetical, improvising comical jingles by the score. Grey care faded in his company, and irresponsibility became the ordained law. One drank, reflecting that the gods drank also; one was witty, observing how small was the occasion to be wise; one was apt to finish in questionable haunts, finding in questionable pleasures delectable delights.

Mark introduced his new friend to the three gentlemen aboard. "Jack here's a poet," he announced. "And we four, Jack, are a bogus poetical quartette."

"He Graces, I perceive," flashed Wytcherly.

The gentlemen laughed—they fancied that a keen war of wits between Mark and the visitor was on.

"Naturally you won't allow,—Wytcherly won't—that we're within his class." Mark addressed the one and then the three alternately. "But if you serious literary scribes believe poetry's a business, we'll prove to you on this yacht that it's no more than a pastime."

"If your's diverts you, it's more than mine ever did for me," Wytcherly rejoined. "You must have the real afflatus."

"We have. It accumulates so fast we are kept emptying bottles, to store the surplus in." Mark roared. The others joined.

"I'll help," said Wytcherly. "I'll undertake to provide space for all the surplus you produce."

"Help right now," bade Mark, as a servant drew forth a bottle from a pail of ice.

"Yes," continued Mark, when the laughter had subsided, "poetry as a diversion flourishes with us. We are all promoters, each in his line. This gentleman promotes real estate; that over there, bonds; Mr. Marriott, lumber, while I—I chiefly promote good times. Each of us in his particular promotion is compelled to use imagination by the barrel in his business. When we induce a sucker to bivouac on the ground floor, we don't damp him with cold facts, not much; we heat him up with lies. That's how we find it easy to write poetry between drinks."

The gentlemen confirmed these statements with their smiles.

"Stay with us, Jack Wytcherly," invited Mark. "We'll install you as poetical expert. You can fix up our feet for us, and we'll engage to keep you unsteady on yours for the voyage."

The visitor bowed. "If your champagne didn't tempt me, gentlemen, your verses would."

Out spoke the hearty owner of the craft. "Consider yourself empressed, Mr. Wytcherly. We need a poet badly and have outfit to spare. We sail at seven."

Others urged him. "You needn't go ashore—we'll send a brace of sailors for your trunk. Or we can tog you out—we've got togs to burn."

"Wish I might," he answered. "But I'm owned body, soul and breeches, by old man Worth."

"Hang Worth!" swore Marriott, the more explosively because of the word expelling him from a pleasant anchorage.

They were eager to gain Wytcherly, they liked the vivacity of his Celtic wit. He and Mark together would ensure them bail against arrest by Tedium.

*(To be Continued)*

# William Wood, Mormon Invader

By Allen Frake

Often the story of a new country may be told in the story of one man—a man who believes, and believes, and believes, and keeps on believing in spite of the snow, hail, drought, grasshoppers, and loneliness—a man who has imagination to see the future, and courage to stick out the present. And for this reason the story of the Mormon settlements about the towns of Cardston, Magrath, Raymond, and Stirling, in Southern Alberta, perhaps can be best explained by introducing William Wood of Magrath, as a typical Mormon pioneer.

In 1885 a few Mormon families located at Cardston. One of the Mormons told me that the first settlers came to avoid legal difficulties growing out of plural marriages. This Mormon went on to say that the sons of these first pioneers naturally followed them to Cardston and so the colony grew.

But there is another version. A Gentile of the neighborhood said the Mormon church picked out this locality as desirable for a colony and simply designated colonists to go and occupy it. The first year was disastrous. The irrigating was not under way, there was unusual drought, and blight and hail did the rest. This particular Gentile rode through the neighborhood during the spring plowing, to discover whether the colonists were ready to give it up or still determined to succeed.

"I asked the first man I met," he said, "'Do you think you will make it stick?"

"'Make it stick?' he repeated, indignantly. "'My church has sent me here and I'll stay if I have to eat grass roots.'"

Now whatever the first impetus was it has caried the colony on to successful permanence. In the towns of Cardston, Magrath, Raymond, Stirling and the surrounding neighborhood, there are probably 10,000 Mormons. Their towns are attractive, they have the land under thorough cultivation by either irrigation or the dry farming method, and they are turning from wheat growing to sugar beets, fruit and truck farming that yield more profit to the acre. Their Gentile neighbors have followed their example. Southern Alberta was the last of the free cattle range countries. "Was" is used advisedly for the ranges are now enclosed and they are being pushed steadily back by the wheat and other farming. Soon the "cow country" of the "Last West" will be a memory and the cattle grown will be raised in acre pasture lots instead of on mile wide ranges.

William Wood is a veteran of the Crimean war and one of Magrath's most active citizens. He is seventy years old and he took great pride in introducing his three-year-old daughter Ruth, as pretty a little child as one can find in Canada, or any other country. Although William Wood is the father of twenty children, he never exercised the one-time privilege of his church to take plural wives. He has been married twice, his first wife dying some years ago. He is a short, slender, wiry chap, this veteran, with shrewd bright eyes and the activity of a man of fifty. He is first among the boomers of Canada of the town of Magrath, and although the boomers of Canada are first among their kind, the Mormon boomers of these Mormon towns make all the others look like imitations.

"That's because we are Yankees," they say.

They brought the Star Spangled Banner in their luggage when they came to Canada, these Mormons.

They are loyal to Canada, understand, but they want you to understand their American origin. Listen to William Wood, born an Englishman, who fought bravely under the British flag and whose proudest possession is a British war medal.

"Canada needs American settlers," he says. "The English colonist is good but the American is best. I am an Englishman by birth, but I hope and believe I've been pretty well Yankeeized."

The story of William Wood's life reads like a romance. He was converted to Mormonism at sixteen. That was the first event in the simple life of an English country lad. Then he found himself on H. M. S. Retribution, a saucy, sidewheel steam frigate with two fifty-eight pounders and twenty long twenty-fours. Under Capt. Barker she faced guns at Sebastopol, where it was give and take, and that strange combination of Turks, Italians, French, and British pushed back the gray-coated Russians. There was more to that war than the charge of the Light Brigade. The bulldog Barker took his ship so close in under the guns of the fortress that she had the mainmast shot out of her and the lad, William Wood, saw his mates of the starboard watch fall on every side of him, torn by shot and shell.

WHEN WILLIAM WOOD TURNED FARMER

It was a discovery for me to find that Mormonism then had enough converts in the British army for the formation of a field church under the stern, grim walls of Sebastopol. That worship of the faith founded by the New Yorker, Joseph Smith, in trenches jointly occupied by the followers of Islam, good children of the Catholic Pope and sturdy members of the Church of England, while guns blessed by the Greek church of Russia thundered in their ears, is an experience upon which William Wood looks back as one of the strangest in his adventurous life.

Next this little Jackie of the tough sinews and bright, shrewd eyes found himself stationed on the Retribution's bridge, rubbing elbows with "Chinese" Gordon, while Chinese forts guarding the Yangste Kiang river thundered, furious with impotent protest, against British invasion. He saw a piece of shell deftly slice a watch fob off Gordon's uniform. That hardy adventurer was himself uninjured. No bullet then had its billet for him who was to die later under Mahdi spears at Khartoum, with the roar of British guns, powerless to rescue, in his ears. When this happened William Wood was a prosperous, respected citizen of Utah.

But the English boy's adventures did not end with that hotly contested Chinese campaign. Commodore Perry had excited the jealousy of England by opening the Hermit Kingdom to the world some years before. Not to be outdone, the English Government built a fine steam yacht as a present for the Mikado. Commander Harry Edgerton, then in command of the Retribution, was detailed to take this yacht to the city then called Yeddo. The boy William Wood, youthful veteran of the Crimea and of the Chinese war, was one of that crew. His were among the first European eyes to look upon Nippon and her people. The impressions this visit made have never left him.

"We could see, even then," he says, "that the Japanese were a wonderful people. You can fancy how interested I have since been in reading of every step which the Hermit Kingdom I saw as a young man has taken toward world power. Remember, too, that I had fought the Russians. When war broke out between the Russians

and the Japanese I could see but one end for it and that was the final victory which the brave little Japs won."

In 1862 William Wood was in Salt Lake City. These were the strenuous days for Mormonism when men of that faith fought alternately with the desert wilderness and the Gentile and the bitterness developed that still shows in the movement to unseat Reed Smoot. It was then, too, while the Mormons still dreamed of the independent empire that had been the goal of the track to Utah, that this people acquired that faith in their ability to conquer unfriendly nature that has led them into Canada. Only that confidence has remained with William Wood. Either the bitterness of the times passed him by, or else his is a nature too kindly to retain passion of that character. No more devout Mormon can be found than this sturdy old man, but I never met a man who expressed a more cheerful tolerance of all the world and its opinions. He was a friend of Brigham Young, the strongest character, probably, that Mormonism has produced. In 1864 William Wood established a mercantile business in Salt Lake City that is now being conducted by his eldest son. In his Magrath house he has a picture of his place in Salt Lake City, a pretty vineclad cottage with "home" written all over it. It is the sort of haven one would think a man of seventy, who had led an ordinarily active life, would thirst for as a pleasant refuge for declining years.

BRANDING CATTLE ON A MORMON RANCH

Instead of such retirement you find this man of Drake's breed pioneering in Western Canada with hearty enjoyment of the life. He has a thousand acres here and more acres there and a few hundred constitute what he calls the "garden patch" about his home. He works in all, or at least actively superintends his fields. He turned out with a carriage and a pair of spirited horses that would pull the arms out of your sockets to help entertain me. As he drove, ever and again he was reining in his horses to jump out with surprising activity to pull up stalks of the countrry's grain to demonstrate its fertility. He talked rapidly, vivaciously and as entertainingly as such a man could talk, but without a note of self-exploitation. He takes himself as a matter of course, does William Wood. We had to drag his experiences out of him. He wanted to talk about the yield to the acre.

They tell me he is not an unusual type of the early Mormons. They were recruited from hardy timber and the weak ones were early worn out in the struggle. You can think as you please about their faith, but their achievements command admiration, whether it is given willingly or grudgingly. William Wood seems to typify this people and their achievements.

"Come back in ten years and we'll show you a city," this man of seventy cried in farewell. "That is if you can't come back sooner. We'd be glad to see you again next week."

In the vicinity centered about the towns of Cardston, Magrath, Raymond and Stirling, are settled some 10,000 Mormons out of Utah, Idaho, and some of the American Southwest. The general tenets of the Mormon faith are known. Whether or no the Latter Day Saints in Utah have forever turned their backs on the doctrine of polygamy the Mormons in Canada have never practiced it. Some of the original settlers had plural wives, and, indeed, federal prosecutions are said to have been one incentive to flight into Canada. But those settlers with plural wives

brought but one of them into Canada.

The Mormon system of farming is theirs alone. The farmers live in towns, where they keep their horsees and such cows and chickens as they care to raise. The farm is likely to be bare of buildings. They drive out to their work in the morning and back at night. This segregation began when the Mormon people lived in a country distinctly hostile both as to nature and either savages or Gentiles who might wander by. But even without the incentive to self protection the Mormon church would have been likely to have developed these communities. There is no faith that devotes more attention to the social side, if, indeed, there is any. It encourages the theatre, and the buildings used for churches in these Mormon towns are also thrown open for dances during the week.

ABORIGINAL FROM THE BLOOD INDIAN RESERVE NEAR MAGRATH

But the town farmer, in Canada at least, is apt to leave his business behind him when he drives home at night from his broad acres outside the town, as the city man leaves his business when he closes his office desk. And farming here means big fields of wheat or sugar beets. So many of the Mormon farmers do not pretend to raise the vegetables, or keep the cows or grow the chickens on which the farmer elsewhere depends for his living. You may find a man with 1,000 acres buying food products much as does the city dweller. So his Canadian neighbor complains that the Mormon is a shiftless farmer.

Indeed, within Mormon ranks in this Canadian settlement there is a division of opinion as to the wisdom of community farming against living on and from the land. The Canadian complains too, that the Mormon is clannish and, altogether, he is not welcomed as are other colonists. But the real secret of the distaste for the Mormon colonist is undoubtedly this same community life of his. This people 10,000 strong is complete unto itself. It has its own towns, its own merchants, who supply all its needs. The Canadian merchant and the business man find no profit for themselves in the Mormon colonist.

One of the conditions on which the Ohio settlers are to be brought in is that they live on their farms and improve them. There is a general effort now in Alberta to thus balance the Mormon communities, with their surrounding acres bare of buildings.

The Mormons themselves say they desire the immigration of the settlers, Mormon and Gentile. Men like William Wood, veteran farmer of acres by the thousand, D. H. Elton, editor of the *Alberta Star* and *Magrath Pioneer* at Cardston and Magrath respectively said so. One of these towns has a Gentile physician and the next, within comparatively easy driving distance a Mormon physician.

The Gentile is apparently just as successful as his Mormon colleague in securing business among the latter's people. John William Woolf, member of the provincial Parliament from this constituency, is a Mormon and the only lawmaker of that faith in any legislative body of the British Empire.

If these Mormon settlements wish to pay tithes and send money to Utah for the support of their church, if they are frequently visited by the officials of their church, by Apostle Reed Smoot, for instance, that is undoubtedly their business. And it is safe to say that the answer to the question of whether a Gentile colony planted next door to their settlements can get along with them depends pretty much on that Gentile colony.

# Gold in the Saskatchewan

By James Weir

*Secretary of the Strathcona Board of Trade*

Gold was not in the least interesting to the Indian or the grizzly bear, especially the fine deposit hidden in the bars and ledges of the Saskatchewan River and other northern streams. Therefore centuries passed over North America, and the metal remained undisturbed in the swift reaches of the river where the fur-laden canoes ran the rapids, or the solitary Hudson's Bay Company voyageur traveled overland on his trapping expeditions.

Possibly he recognized traces of pay dirt there, but he said nothing. Loquacity was not encouraged by the company, and the secret remained safe.

One day the white prospectors came, tapping among the ledges, and found the metal in the gravel at the ford. Among the adventurous men who accompanied Captain Palliser on an exploration mission of the Northwest in 1855, were two in which we are at the present time chiefly interested. One was Dr. Hector, afterwards Sir James Hector, a well known scientist and Jos. McDonald at the present time a well known and respected resident of Strathcona, vigorous and hearty at the age of 72.

McDonald was born at Selkirk, a descendant of one of those hardy Highland Scotchmen whom the Hudson's Bay Company employed in the arduous tasks inseparable from its fur trading undertakings. For three years the elder McDonald volunteered to live among the Piegan Indians in order that he might learn their language and habits and qualify himself for the important position of an interpreter. Those were the strenuous days of the three great rival Fur Trading Companies—the Hudson's Bay which afterwards proved Darwin's law of the survival of the fittest, the Northwest Company and the X. Y. Z. It was the custom of the two other organizations to tamper with the interpreters of the Hudson's Bay Company by means of bribery and otherwise, and then as now self-preservation was the first law of nature, the most effective precautions being taken to secure the services of loyal men.

For this reason McDonald was chosen, and he remained in the employ of the Company the remainder of his life.

The son knew many native languages and it was for that and other reasons that he was selected to accompany the expedition with Dr. Hector, from Winnipeg to the Pacific.

In passing it may be mentioned that from the report of Captain Palliser the inference was drawn that induced members of the British House of Commons to make the statement that the vast territory explored was fit only for buffaloes, grizzly bears and Indians to live in.

While exploring the Saskatchewan River at the point where the prosperous city of Strathcona now stands Dr. Hector found traces of fine gold in the alluvial soil. He cautioned the members of the party to say nothing of it in advance of his report to the Government.

In 1864 Joseph McDonald came to this district in the employ of the Company his father had served so long and faithfully. He took up the homestead on which Strathcona is built, and was the first white settler on the south side of the river trading with the Crees who occupied the district north of the Battle River and along the Saskatchewan. South of

the Battle were the Blackfeet with whom the Crees were at deadly enmity; their many feuds giving the river its name.

While in the employ of the Company and during this time an American named Love came to the district on a prospecting trip and learned from McDonald of the discovery made by Hector. Together they began panning the precious mineral from the gravel scooped up from the river bed and they struck good pay dirt, separating the gold from the gravel with a crude hand made sifter. Periodically as the years have gone by others including McDonald have by the most primitive methods succeeded during the time of low water, in making good wages but, in the words of one of themselves they were only "skimmers." Among them was a Californian named Clover after whom Clover Bar was named and Sam Livingston, a forty niner who first introduced the "rocker" in the Northland.

In the early days in New Zealand rockers were used exclusively until superseded by dredges, and the latter were subsequently utilized on the Saskatchewan, but they were not found to be successful—One of these, long since discarded lies on the river bank at Strathcona at the present day.

Despite these failures in the past a new company backed by men of prominence in the financial world have undertaken the task of making the river yield up its wealth and they are not pursuing a speculation but a reasonably sure business enterprise. The machinery with which a company this spring will begin gold dredging at Strathcona on a large scale is already on the ground. A thorough prospectors' investigation of the river bed had been made by an experienced mining engineer. His reports are said to have been extremely satisfactory in comparison with those of other rivers which yielded handsome dividends; and arrangements were completed. By the time the May "West" is in the hands of its readers operations will be in full swing. A concession of several miles of the river with its gold bearing bars has been secured from the Government and when the results have been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the directorate other concessions will be secured, other similar dredges put in commission and it is not improbable that the manufacture of the machinery will be conducted at the city of Strathcona.

Twenty-five hundred cubic yards of gravel can be handled daily and as the prospectors' assay showed, at an average of thirty-five cents per yard, it can readily be seen that the promises which the Saskatchewan holds out to the company are bright indeed.

The dredge is 114 feet long by 16 feet wide. It weighs 126 tons and uses 150 horse power engines. On each side of one end is a steel hydraulic pipe 27 feet long and 10 inches in diameter. Attached to these is a suction pump and at the other end of each a digging apparatus for hard bottom. For sixty feet on the deck of the dredge is a revolving screen 38 inches in diameter where the coarser material is sifted out. The finer parts are caught in boxes and treated in order to extract the minerals, while the coarser materials or "tailings" are thrown clear by a "winged batter," which can be adjusted to throw the refuse in any desired direction. The old dredges dumped this refuse and its accumulation was one of the prime causes of failure.

One end of the dredge is held by a pivot post weighing 2,500 lbs. which is sunk in the river bed and the other end oscillates as required from this point. The whole lower structure of the hull which is made entirely of steel is surmounted like a bridge by steel girders 10 feet high.

All parts of the dredge coming in contact with the water or gravel are lined with Manganese steel to give added durability.

For attacking banks there are in addition two 2-stage hydraulic pumps with 110 pounds pressure to the square inch, and throwing 1,000 gallons of water a minute with an inch and a quarter nozzle. This is to wash out the bank and prepare it for the scoop.

Whence comes this gold? Is it a constantly recurring product from some mountain spring like the waters of the river itself and by them washed along at the time of high water, or was it deposited indiscriminately over these regions by some glacial movement or geologic happening? Miners, like doctors, are given to differences of opinions in their diagnosis.

Jos. McDonald believes in the glacial theory as does the engineer employed by the dredging company. They believe that the bank contains the gold and that it is being constantly washed out and down on to the bed by the water of the stream. They are of opinion that gold may be found in varying quantities all over the Western plains and McDonald cites the instance of a well dug for the Hudson's Bay Company the gravel of which as it was brought up showed gold mixed with it in about the same proportion as in the river. The current theory has been for years that the gold was washed down from the mountains and continually moved forward by the force of the stream, but this idea is held largely by persons who have given the subject less thought than those named.

Be the source what it may it has been known for years that a rich harvest of the precious metal was here when the proper appliances for its garnering were put in operation.

The time has now come when the industry is to be revived, carried forward by modern methods and made of great value to Strathcona. Canadian enterprise and push is behind it; the material is there, and one more resource is added to those already listed in the great Northwest.

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# The Rose on the Grave

By Florence Hamilton Randal

In the noon silence, when the mowers cease
Their labors in the field,
I seek a corner far where broodeth peace.
And all life's pain is healed.

* * * *

There she lies sleeping folded deep and close,
The bride of days long fled:
And over her there bends a prairie rose
With petals well nigh shed.

She is forgotten, but upon her breast
Her sweet name doth appear.
Rose was she—rose of all the West—
This woman pioneer.

Girl, wife and mother, past the long duress
Glad may her soul repose,
And as her life bloomed in the wilderness
So in her death, the Rose

"I'D GET UP BETWEEN COURSES TO LOOK AT JOHN'S THINGS ROUND THE ROOM SO AS TO GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO THAW."

# In Cahoots with Cupid

By Grace Williamson

"Don't try to take Cupid's place at matchmaking," said Mrs. Petie Broughton, rustling her plump silk dress knowingly at the young woman in the rocking-chair. "I tried it once myself—once, mark you—and I lost fifteen pounds before I got the couple off my hands.

"Mollie was a nice girl, as nice a girl as Peetie ever had in his company. She never starred in a part but she was quiet and sensible and as near to being my daughter as an orphan could. Peetie and I was very fond of her.

"One morning when she was frizzing her front hair over my alcohol lamp I said to her, 'Mollie, why don't you get married and leave the stage?' And she said, 'Do you know, I've often thought of it—but I never found the man to suit me.' And I said, 'Why, there are men that would suit you just hanging around loose. You don't keep your eyes open. There's John Sparrow, for instance.' She screached at that for she'd never passed two words with the fellow.

"Now I liked John; he had such nice, close ears. I read about ears in the paper once and since then I've not been friendly with the kind that flap; you can't trust them. The only thing against John was his bald head. Young girls like Mollie take to men with hair, but I've known some men that made real good hearted husbands when they hadn't but a few spears to pet. Mrs. Crewe's youngster used to pray for John every night, ' God bless Mr. Sparrow and make his hair grow,' but the Lord seemed to will otherwise.

"John came up in my sitting room that very day, and what do you think he asked me? 'What kind of a girl

is that Mollie? Do you know I believe she's taken with me; she looked so strange when I passed her just now.' I said to him real serious, 'John, you ought to get married. Do it while your eyesight's young enough to pick a good looking girl.' And I told him how nice and sensible Mollie was, and I could see that it worried him.

"Well, they began to notice one another after that, but they were awful slow about it. I hated to see those two nice young people hankering for someone but not having nerve enough to get together. And John growing balder all the time! Then I had an idea! John's birthday came the next week, and I said to him, 'John, Mollie and I are going to bring you a birthday supper, up to your rooms, after the play.' He seemed real pleased. Mollie appeared to like the plan too, only she didn't say much. But I caught her putting bows on her white netdress, and she did her hair up in hair pins, the night before. The marks of the pins was all over her head, poor girl, she did them so tight. But she was a person who didn't mind suffering if she looked nice in the end. And she did look lovely in her white dress and her hair frizzled like a cloud. I could see that she surprised John.

"The supper was a very nice one, with lots of chicken salad. That's my favorite—chicken. I smuggled in a few bottles of champagne just to give the party a real birthday look. Mollie and John were timid with each other at first; both of them talked to me and they'd say, 'Now, Mrs. Peetie, have another olive,' or, 'You're very light with the salad, Mrs. Peetie.' But this feeling of shyness wore off, and after awhile I'd get up between courses to look at John's things round the room so as to give them a chance to thaw.

"They kept getting friendlier and friendlier and we spoke toasts and swapped stories and had a real nice party. Well, I won't say how much after three it was when John put us in our cab. He handed me in first, and I could tell that he took a mighty long time to fix Mollie. I kind of looked out of the window and talked, so that they wouldn't feel I was in the way or wanted to hurry them. But all the time I was saying to myself, 'Aha, Mrs. Peetie! I wonder how long before you'll see a diamond ring on Mollies' finger.' For I could judge from John's eyes, even in the dark, that a ring was on the way. I wondered how big it would be. John could afford a good sized one and I had heard Mollie say that she didn't enjoy the sniveling little kind.

"Well you know, it wasn't a week later when Mollie came up in my room, kind of red and giggley, with her hands behind her back. And she said, right saucy like for Mollie, 'What do you think has happened?' And I said, 'You little idiot, when a girl's as red as you are I don't need another guess what's happened! You're engaged to John, and he's given you your ring.'

"Mollie seemed awfully disappointed that I guessed so easy. She's a mighty nice girl, but she didn't seem to realize that if I hadn't looked after her she'd never have got her diamond. You know lots of girls are bright enough and want to get married, but they haven't gumption enough to step forward when a nice man's going by. They need something to give 'em a shove.

"Mollie and John were awfully happy in loving each other. It was something new to them, I guess, and they was so pleased that they wanted to get married right away. Of course there wasn't nothing to hinder, both being orphans and Mollie sick of the stage. I thought they were going it pretty fast for acquaintances, as one might say, but I did'nt care to interfere with my own handiwork by asking them to put off the wedding until they were better acquainted.

"Little Peetie came back from Salt Lake in time for the wedding. My! he was as proud of John and Mollie as if he'd married them instead of me. Mollie and I sewed until one o'clock on her things, but even then, I had to baste her into her wedding dress, and she said, 'I will' with the needles sticking in her where I didn't have time to pull them out. It was exactly two weeks from the night of John's birth-

day party—They chose it as the anniversary of falling in love. That was a nice idea, wasn't it?

"Our company played 'Shameless Susan' that season, and Peetie sent John on to San Francisco to advertise it and get a nice little wedding trip in, too. When we reached San Francisco Mollie was at the train to meet us. 'Where's John?' I asked. Then I noticed how pale and sullen she looked. 'I don't know,' she answered, kind of flaring up, 'at the hotel, I suppose. I haven't seen him lately; I want to come back in the company, Peetie.' You can imagine how I felt! I was scared to death, for I considered myself responsible for the marriage. I looked at Peetie and he knew that meant, 'Run along!' so Mollie and I went to the hotel together. I didn't find it hard to draw her out. She just ached to ease her troubles to a woman and she hadn't been married long enough to know how to keep things to herself. 'Is he dreadfully cross with you?' I asked her. 'No,' said she. 'Has he bad habits?' 'No,' she answered again. I was out of patience with her then, 'Well for heaven's sake, what is the matter?' 'I don't know,' she said, kind of sorrowful like. 'I don't think we are used to each other. I don't even know how to order his breakfast,' and she began to cry. I tried to comfort her, but she felt bound to be mournful. And when a woman is that way it's only aggravating to yourself to try to cheer her up.

"That night I had a talk with Peetie. He'd seen John in the meantime. 'Of course John's not going to let her go back on the stage,' said I. 'Of course he is,' said Peetie, taking John's part in a minute. 'If she isn't satisfied with a fine fellow like John she might as well go where she'll be happier. He won't stop her.' I was angry with John and Mollie, too, for being too stubborn to give in when they hadn't even quarreled. I worried about the matter dreadfully, but their minds were set.

"John, Peetie and I went on to Los Angeles and left Mollie playing 'Susan's Best Friend.' I made her promise to write to me, and she did it regular, not asking anything about John, though, or writing his name. But I always told her about him in my letters. John used to call often those days, never directly inquiring about Mollie, of course, but listening hard when I told him what she had written. 'Why don't you ask her to come back to you, John,' I said to him one day, for the foolishness of those two young people just wore on my nerves. 'No indeed,' said he, getting stiff, 'she knows enough to come back of her own free will.' Now, there was no reason for them not making up. Most young people who get married don't know any more about each other than John and Mollie did, and I suppose it's as easy to get used to one man's ways as another's.

"Well, matters ran that way for a month when one day while I was darning Peetie's socks in my room, who should open the door but Mollie. 'Hello, Mrs. Peetie,' she said quite loud. I hurried right over to the child and put my arms around her. 'Mollie, what have you done to yourself. My dear, you're not big enough to own a shadow.' She was sobbing on my shoulder by that time, 'I know it. I've been so unhappy that I've taken nothing but boiled milk for three weeks.'

" 'Did you come back to John,' I whispered, real low so she needn't be afraid to tell me.

" 'N—n—n—no, not exactly—I've come back to you. Oh how is he, Mrs. Peetie. Tell me how he is! Does he miss me?' And she shook me and cried and almost had hysterics.

"I made her lie down on the bed before I'd open my mind to her. The poor girl's cheeks were hollow and her hair out of friz. Evidently she'd worried as much I had.

" 'Now see here, Mollie,' I began, as stern as I dared, considering how thin she was. 'I'm not going to stand any more fooling. You love John and you know he loves you. If you didn't get acquainted before you was married you might as well make up your mind to now. I'm going to telephone John and he'll probably be over soon. Mind, no more fussing! Be nice to him when he comes!'

"She answered 'Yes, yes,' quite subdued like. And I pulled down the shades and fluffed out her hair and put a pink ribbon round her neck to make her look prettier. Honestly, I never saw a girl look so awfully downcast. But when John came—well, he didn't seem to mind nor she didn't. That was as much as I could judge before I got out of the room. I could hear them say, 'Oh John' and 'Oh Mollie,' and I shut the door in a hurry.

"My, isn't it funny how we happen to marry the men we do! But don't ever try to take Cupid's place at matchmaking. I thought I was in cahoots with the devil instead of Cupid before I got Mollie and John off my hands."

# The Peace River Country

By Mabel Clark

When the papers last summer were full of the crop reports from all over the country, those from the far-away Peace River must have been a revelation to many.

"Wheat cutting commenced on July 28th, and all the crops in the district are ripe"—"The acreage of grain this year is larger than ever before, and the crops are magnificent"—"The barley is the finest in the world, a test of 70 pounds to the bushel being quite a common one"—etc., etc., etc.

Most of the settlers in that country are natives of the soil, the scarcity of Dominion land surveyors having retarded the laying out of land for outsiders; but as the base lines have recently been run and surveyors are now going in to subdivide it, the prospects are that in the near future it will be rapidly opened up for homesteading..

Railroad men have also been surveying in the district, and the Canadian Northern and several other roads are said to be petitioning the provincial Government for charters. With the advent of the railway into the north will come the opening up of a wonderful country, a country of which comparatively little is known, even the maps giving but a faint idea of its extent.

The collectors of Revillon Freres perhaps know more of it than anyone else, as they pass up and down the Peace River in the "Midnight Sun" with her load of furs, or the slender canoes marked "Revillon" at the bow. Up the Peace River is the way to the far Northwest, a trail of romance that few have traveled, except the level-eyed, brown-faced men of the paddle and the portage—a trail leading up into the Mackenzie to a country dotted at thousand mile intervals with a fur trading post of a warehouse hidden among the pines.

The valley of the Peace River is the last and largest area of the Far Northwest which is entirely undeveloped. It is by far the most valuable part of the West, and is, in a sense, a world of its own. The Peace in itself is an anomaly in Western rivers, being, from Hudson's Hope, which is sixty miles further up than Fort St. John, from 1,000 to 2,000 feet wide, without obstruction, sand bar, or gravel bar, for a good 500 miles. The rivers tributary to the Peace are immense as to valleys, but, with the exception of the Smoky and South Pine are large only during high water in the spring. Every tributary, big or little, has cut its own valley deep, deep down, and the sides are very steep; teams have to keep back a long way to clear these great coulees. When the top of the bluff is reached, the land stretches away level, or slightly rolling, and beautiful groves of poplar lend their charm to the landscape.

The legend telling how the river got its name says that the Indians of that land, who are of the Beaver tribe (speaking the same language as the Dog Ribs and Yellow Knives of Great

Slave Lake) had been at war with the Crees and Sioux for many years, but a treaty of amity was at last brought about — hence the name — "Peace River."

It is predicted that some day in the near future a line of railway will be laid on both sides of this great river, but back 20 to 30 miles on account of the coulees.

From the mouth of the Peace (just north of Fort Chippwyan) south to Fort Vermilion, there is a territory on both sides about 75 miles wide, or 150 miles in all, which, notwithstanding high latitude, stands—for soil, climate and natural beauty—unexcelled. From Fort Vermilion to Peace River Landing it is much the same, but best on the north side. From Peace River Landing to the mouth is over 480 miles; this contains what would be, if surveyed, a belt twenty-five townships wide by eighty townships long. Vermilion is at the present time considered the most important point in the north; it depends not only on its immense fur trade,—but also on cattle-raising, wheat growing and flour milling industries established there; their large flour mill was brought from Toronto where it cost $30,000, but over $100,000 before it was safely installed at its destination in the far north. As flour in that vicinity sells for $6 a bag wholesale, and $8 retail, it looks as though the mill would be a very paying investment—its capacity being 200 barrels a day.

At Peace River Landing (about 500 miles north of the nearest railway, but still within the limits of "Sunny Alberta") Mr. Brick, M. P. P. for the district, has been successfully farming for the past eighteen years. In all that time he has never lost a crop and never yet had his grain touched with frost; everything that can be grown in the east has been grown there, corn, pumpkins, tomatoes, radishes, cucumbers, string beans, cauliflower, etc. New potatoes and green peas are ready for the table by the 12th of July, and wheat raised in that district took the gold medal at the Chicago Exposition.

From Peace River Landing to Dunvegan the country is some of the finest in the west. Driving by wagon road between these two places one hardly finds words to tell the beautiful park-like land, lovely beyond description, gorgeous with flowers of every brilliant color and soil of the richest. The road, to Dunvegan keeps away about twenty miles from the river—the banks of which are 600 to 800 feet above the water, generally starting up from its edge.

When the railroad is an accomplished fact Dunvegan will, in all probability, then be the gateway to the north. It is the most southerly point on the Peace River and has an almost complete water connection with the whole of northern Canada—even to the Arctic Ocean—and as the Peace River flows north, this obviates the necessity of tracking against a current. At Dunvegan the banks are over 1000 feet high; they roll back in a series of great terraces to the plateau above, a succession of poplar and spruce-hedged prairie. Although this country stretches for hundreds of miles east and west, there is hardly a settler in there yet.

About eighty miles south of Dunvegan is Grand Prairie, where there is some good timber land and many belts of beautiful prairie—the soil everywhere being of the richest. Of course agricultural adaptability is an unknown quality there as yet, and will have to be tried, that is wheat raising, but for barley, oats, peas, for butter, and cheese, for raising cattle, horses and pigs, no place can be better.

Going up the river from Dunvegan to Fort St. John, the scenery is unrivalled. Immense forests of spruce and poplar clothe its banks; words cannot describe the lovely sights along the mountain-sides, with every rich color, pale green and dark green, bright and dark red, yellow, orange, light and dark brown, all sweetly intermingled and blended. A fine quality of coal has been found on the creeks, and gold on the bars of Fort St. John.

Traces can still be seen throughout the country of the great herds of buffalo which once roamed over the plains in countless buffalo wallows,

and in such numbers that the earth fairly shook with their mighty tread when a herd went by. A curious story is told by the old Beaver Indians of how these buffalo disappeared. "One summer was wet and cold; the grass was short and thin; then the winter set in, so cold and with snow so deep that none but the strongest could move. Then the *Manitou* sent a Chinook, and that made a crust on the snow. When the spring came the buffalo were all dead, and" (they continued sadly), "we" (the Beavers) "are fast following them."

This great Peace River country when opened up by the railway is going to afford a wide field for enterprise and is eminently a young man's country. There will probably be, when they get in, an unexampled immigration of Americans and a new Anglo-Saxon Dominion, that strong and energetic race whose marvelous development began after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, by the heroes who fought with Raleigh, Frobisher and Drake, and history was only repeating itself when the thunder of Dewey's cannon awakened the echoes of Manila Bay.

# A Lament

By George T. Pardy

Dark her eyes; yet darker ever
Is the darkness that they know;
Gray the dust upon them lying
Where the tinted daisies grow.
Cold and white, where friend or lover
May not seek her, never come,
Little hands so pale and listless—
Singing mouth forever dumb.

What though birds in leafy cover
Tune a merry roundelay,
Fast asleep beneath the clover
Heeds she not the break o' day.
On her breast the lotus flowers,
Linger yet in death's perfume,
Like their mistress—stilled to sleeping
By the shadow of the tomb.

# Sam Beach's Bait

By J. J. Armstrong

I had taken a load of wheat to town and, finding I could not get through with my business that evening, in time to return home, I went over to the Cereal hotel to engage a room for the night.

The hotel clerk was telling me that they were filled up, and directing me to a place where he thought I could obtain lodging, when I received a slap on the back, and, turning to see who had administered it, I was confronted by Phil Hawes, an old friend whom I had not seen for some time. Phil and I had been chums when we both worked with a Canadian Pacific Railway bridge gang in the early eighties. He was a big, burly fellow, but his ungainly exterior covered a large, warm heart.

After leaving the Canadian Pacific Railway we had each taken up a homestead in Manitoba, but in different localities. Phil, when he obtained his patent, sold his claim and went to Alberta, started cattle raising, and was then in Manitoba buying stockers for his ranch.

After a "shake hands" and the customary enquiries regarding each other's health, I explained to him my plight.

"I hev a room in this man's town; come upstairs and bunk with me t'night and we'll talk over old times."

Accepting the invitation, I adjourned with Phil to his room. I could see that he had had a drink or two, and I intended, if possible, to keep him upstairs, so started a rambling conversation as I lounged on the bed, Phil taking the only chair and lighting a cigar. Not being a smoker myself I had been forced to refuse a proffered cigar every other minute since we met.

Phil was busy explaining to me all about his ranch and that he was buying stockers, when I broke in and said,

"I want you to come out and visit with me and meet my wife and children; I will try and give you a good time."

"Y' can jest bill me fer one week," he exclaimed; "and we'll set and chat every night about the good old times when we was with the C. P."

I explained to him that my wife would want some of his company as well as I, and that the school teacher boarded with us.

"What," exclaimed Phil, excitedly —"the school-marm board thar! Well, y' can jest wire ahead and cancel the engagement, fer I won't go. Dern school marms anyway. Eve was a school marm er old Adam wouldn't hev got his-self in sicha tangle. Oh, no thanks—no school marm in my dish. Schools and school marms should never hev been invented. They've caused more trouble among the bachelors in this dern kentry than ——"

"Why Phil," I interrupted, "what's the matter? You seem prejudiced against the innocent school ma'am. I always thought she was a boon to the West, especially to the bachelors."

"Well, I'll tell y' why I'm so dodgasted hostile with 'em," said Phil, as he settled himself comfortably and placed his number nines on the window sill:

"When I had put in erbout the first year on my homestead, old Campbell called one day and ast if I was agin hevin' a school in the district; he said they was children risin' up that oughter be schooled. I told him I ain't got no objections, if it ain't too costive. 'Well,' he sez, 'we're hevin' a meetin' at my house on Saturday and we want y' all thar.'"

"Well sir, we was nearly all old maid men and old Si Thomas, he rises on his pins and sez he:"

"'Gents, I. ain't any good as an orator, but we need a school; it will be a benefit in several ways. In the first place, the children can go thar and be out of ther mother's way, exceptin' Saturdays and then they could herd the cows . And in the second place, the teacher would hev t' board in the district and by so doin' would leave a little of the necessary with the people she boards with. But in conclusion I'll say we'll hev a hard time a keepin' of the average up at first, but—do you fellers foller me?'—he exclaimed, eyin' us spinster men—'Yes, yes,' we yelled, 'and we're goin' to vote it down'—The old man paid no attention to our last remark but kept on:

"'As I was a-sayin', with the few children at our disposal, it will be hard at first t' keep the average up, but,' sez he, 'we'll engage a woman teacher, and, quite likely, at the end of her first term, she'll give up teachin' and settle in our midst, and then we'll hev t' engage another, and she'll do the same. By-en-by it will be no trouble a-keepin' of the average up. I hopes you single fellers see the p'int,' he said in concludin'"

"'Yes, yes,' we yelled from our reserve seats on the floor—'Git the school and eddicate your children, by all means, and we'll foot the bill.'"

"Well, the school was built and run fer eight months each year, the first teacher speakin' pleasant t' every one, but showin' no disposition t' settle in our midst, and then disappeared from our midst as mysteriously as she come; the next teacher, ditto."

"Well sir, us fellers was jest erbout gettin' discouraged and some talked of closin' the school on week days and keepin' it as a church, fer a student preacher thar every other Sunday."

"Well sir, by-en-by the word went round that the new teacher was here, and boardin' at Sam Beach's. Of course we all pretended we didn't care a hang but if y'd seen the annual turn-out, as the settlers had got t' call it—as us bachelors begun gatherin' eround that school-house fer service that Sunday. Thar stood Jim Wheatley with a bran new, red four-in-hand, jest the color of his face, and Tom Bremner, with a big bunch of imitation geraniums fastened t' his coat—he got 'em when he bought the suit, from a Jew peddler as was goin' through. Such a sight y' never seed. It was like the gatherin' of the Peace Conference, with all nations represented."

"We all stood outside till we saw old Sam Beach's wagon comin', and then made our sneak inter the school, like as if we'd done some depredation and was afraid of justice."

"We all sot down as comfortable as we could. Tom Hawkes, who is six foot two in his socks, tried to crowd his long legs and superfluous hoofs inter little five-year-old Flossie Turner's desk, and, as clumsy Jack Dalton rammed the remainder of his person inter shape on the companion side, I could hear the crunch of a slate, as he got his knees in position and tried to look happy."

"In a short time we heard the rustle of skirts in the porch and we all held our breath and tried t' figger out the sums on the black-board and pretend we wasn't interested in anything but the gospel.

"The next thing we seed was—well, I won't try to describe it—but y'd think it had jest stepped outer the front page of a fashion book. My, but she was a stunner! I could see, at a glance, she'd enroped the whole blessed herd."

"Well sir, we was all tryin' to look comfortable and contented, when the parson, he ups and gives out a hymn, and, sez he, 'We'll rise and sing.' That's where he made a mistake, for, as the people begun t' rise, one after another, long Tom Hawke got erbout half outer his man-trap and got stuck. He pulled away with one leg, then another, then sot down, took er fresh start and tried again. By turnin' both feet sideways, we all thought he'd work the orricle that way, but the toe of his boot got inter the iron of the desk and he had t' set down agin with one leg stretched out under the desk in front of him, and the other bent so as his knee was on a level with the top of his had. He tried once more, and with a mighty effort, he tore the screws out of the floor, and the whole desk,

Tom, and the fellers behind, was in a heap."

"The kids was a-laffin', the old folks a-coughin,' and thar stood the school-marm, lookin' like she'd swallered somethin', and the parson the only one singin'."

"At last the preacher stopped and, sez he, 'Is thar a plank eround y' could git and place it on two chairs?'" —meanin' fer the men t' sit on. Old Sam Beach looks up and sez, serious like:

" 'Oh, he ain't hurt bad; he's only tangled in the debris. We'll ontangle him if he'll only lay still.' "

"Then the preacher starts up singin' where he left off—"In the Sweet By-and-By."

"I tell y' the sermon didn't help the heathen much that day. But y' should of seen them crazy fellers when church was let out. They was all 'Good day, Mr. Beach,' and 'How's yer health,' and all kinds of nice enquiries.

"I was delayed gittin' out and couldn't git near the old man, fer the dang fools was crowdin' eround him like calves in a brandin' chute."

"Well sir, old Sam Beach saw the lay of the land and started throwin' out bait; he sez, kinder careless like, 'I'm away behin' with my seedin' this spring. Luck seems agin me somehow.'

"Just then I steps forward and sez I:

" 'Mr. Beach, I hev a poor old father in Ontario who might be behin' with his seedin', and I would be glad to know some more fortunate bein' was a-helpin' him in his old age; and, with them thoughts in my mind, I will offer my services and my team's services t' y' till yer crop is in, and all I'll ast is my board.'

"Well sir, my oration kinder staggered the rest of 'em mavericks, and they stood gazin' at us like calves lookin' through the fence when yer comin' with the feed pail, and then they all moaned like a camp-meetin' convert, and every darn one of 'em had the gall t' offer thar services and thar team's services, and, as old Sam told me afterwards, he hated to refuse help from a neighbor."

"Sech a turn-out as came to Beach's the next day was a caution. Every man had on his Sunday pants under his jeans. Of course I did, but I was expectin' t' hev t' go t' town or somewhere before I was through."

"At dinner we all left our overalls on, fer the teacher took her dinner t' school, but at supper time sech a rippin' of cottonades as we sot on the mangers and tried to pull 'em off without removin' our boots. Did I say boots?—Well, I meant shoes, fer every feller had come with his Sunday shoes on—they all had corns and shoes was easier on their feet.

"Well, it aint necessary t' say Sam got his crop in before any other man in the kentry. He was only three days a-doin' it, fer, when the teacher and us was settin' eround nights, old Sam would throw out more bait and say as how this feller's team was dandies, and he never seed a team do so much seedin'. Why, we even got t' racin' all day so'd we be on the honor roll at night. And, as I found out afterwards, old Sam was a-goin' from one t' the other in the field sayin' as how the teacher fancied this feller's fine form and the other feller's hair, and he even told me she admired my eyes, although I knowed they was a bit crossed."

"But to come on with my tale of woe. When we was through seedin' each man pulled his freight fer home t' try and finish his own seedin' before it was too late. We'd just got erbout four days' work done when Sam, he comes eround t' foot ball practice, and sez he, kinder gently like:

" 'If you fellers hadn't been so dod-gasted kind, helpin' me t' seed, I'd hev a bee and plant my taters.'

" 'When are y' goin' to plant 'em,' we chorused.

" 'I was a-thinkin' t' morrer if it was fine.'

"Well sir, in ten minutes thar wasn't a maverick in the bunch but had promised t' help. Of course I didn't care who went, fer when Sam said she admired my eyes, I knew the rest of me was dead easy; but then hadn't he

told me I was her ch'ice, but that I'd better stick to her closer'n a bacon rind, er some of them other dogies would drive me off the range."

' Well sir, he'd told every on of 'em imbecile hermits a similar story, an' here we was, all thinkin' we was the whole cheese and the others just skippers. Oh, the old man was slow, I don't think. He had good bait and had caught a string of suckers.

' Well sir, as time went on, Sam got t' wearin' his good clothes on week days and jest walked eround the farm bossin' the gang.

' I never see sech a transformation as come over the Beach homestead Fer every pail of water t' be fetched er arm of wood t' cut, they was three t' do it. In fact the old lady jest sot and knit. Us old antidiluvian sons of toil done the milkin' churnin', washin' dishes, and some, who had learned the fine art, baked the bread and would make the yeast and put the dough t' rise at night, wound up in the table cloth and all the old coats and mats they could muster. On service Sundays, if Beach and his followin' didn't turn up, the preachin' was called off. Oh, things was swell them days."

' Old Si Thomas sent his missus over t' the school t' call on the teacher and say as how that it was a shame t' think of any poor girl comin' inter the district t' waste her time upliftin' the fallen children, and hevin' t' pay her board; and sez she: 'Me'n Si has talked it over and we'd keep y' at our place fer nothin'.'

' Of course the teacher thanked her fer her kind offer but declined, fer who knows, perhaps I wouldn't be at Thomases, and then how could she admire my eyes?

' Everythin' went along smoothly until Bill Morley came nosin' eround Bill had kept hisself aloft from the rest of us, and contented hisself by remainin' at the rear while us Quigleys took the skirmishin' line. He'd sold his farm and was jest hangin' eround buyin' an odd critter, fer he was goin' ranchin',—but he allers made a excuse over every few days, astin' old Beach if he'd sell this calf er that cow, and occasionally callin' at the school t' enquire of the kids if they'd seen any stray cattle eround.

' Well, at last came the time fer the Winnipeg exhibition, and the teacher ast leaf of the trustees t' close the school fer a week as she'd like t' see the Western Metropolis. Of course they granted it; fer, if they'd refused her anythin' we'd lambasted 'em so hard they'd thought they was ossified.

' Say, every one of 'em white-livered chumps at Beach's had decided t' take in the 'Peg', show week, but, when we mentioned it t' Sam, he said as how he couldn't very well spare any of us off the farm, and that ended our gay expectations of buyin' pink lemonade and chocolates for our Garjen Angel, as we'd got t' call her.

' When the show was over, back come the teacher as rosy and perlite as ever—and so did Bill Morley, fer Bill was the only free Injun on the Reserve of all us old ante-nuptials in Beach's neighborhood, and he was allowed to roam at will, without a permit from old Sam.

' After a while it got noised eround that Bill and the teacher was a-crowdin' pretty close t' each other all show week; some of the people as was thar said as how they'd seed 'em suckin' lemons and eatin' peppermints on the gran' stan', and as how, on America Day, Bill had bought her a starry fan all stripes and souvenir eagle on it.

' Well sir, I could see the boys crowdin' up t' old Sam whenever they could get a chance, and I hed an idea they was a-puttin' it t' him. At last I met old Sam in the field and sez I: 'Mr. Beach, what erbout that rumor that is floatin' eround this rooral district erbout my teacher skatin' eround, show week, with that measley-faced, wall-eyed, Jew nosed stag they calls Bill Morley?' And,' sez I, I'm goin' t' ast her what she means by kerryin' on in my absence.'

" Now look here, Phil,' sez the old man; 'Youse is goin' t' get tangled in yer own rope, if y' start scoldin' the heifer before yer married. In talkin' t' wimmen y' hev t' go easy like and roll the words eround in yer mouth like a piece of hot apple tart as is too

warm t' swaller. You jest leave it t' me and I'll ast her and tell 'er y' doubt her love, and she'd need t' hev a care, fer thar was other girls wantin' y'.'

'' Yes, yes,' I sez, excited like; tell 'er as thar is three girls up kentry jest waitin' fer me t' come erlong, till they can enrope me with thar lariats of love. Yes, Sam, put it to her hard, and she'll think I ain't catched so gol dern easy. Tell 'er', sez I, 'these other mavericks is easy, but I'm a regler Beau Brummel in these parts.'

' That evenin' the old man comes t' me, very solemn-like, and sez he: 'Phil, I believe y' made a mistake in lettin' yer wroth get the upper hand of y', fer when I spoke t' the teacher, she sez, sez she: I never thought Mr. Hawes would question my sincerity,' and then started fer 'er room, subbin' like thunder, and sayin': 'I'll never forgive him.'

' Well sir, I shook like a whole tree of aspen leaves, and sez I t' old Sam: Go tell 'er I will clime the ladder of success and stan' on my head. Yes, tell 'er,' sez I, 'that I'll fly t' the uttermost parts of the airth. Tell 'er, sez I, that the steamboat, plowing the briny waves of Lake Superior, er a tea train, whistlin' thro' the lan', would be like a snail t' the way I'd move my freight t' 'er and throw my athletic form at 'er feet, and plead with 'em eyes she admires so much, fer fergiveness. Oh,' sez I, 'if I could only gaze on that alabastine neck and look inter them orbs of fire, as I whispered inter 'er shell-like ear, endearin' words of love, and hear the zeffer wind whisper from them coral lips and pearl-like teeth, the sugar-coated words: 'Phil, I fergive yer.'

' Now,' sez Sam, 'she's a woman, and will pretend nothin' is wrong, and meet y' jest the same as ever in 'er cool, perlite way, so don't make a ass of yerself till I tell yer the time is ripe, and the fruit ready t' fall at yer command.' So I bided my time, same as the rest of the herd, fer old Sam had give 'em all simler yarns, as we foun' out on comparin' notes afterwards

' Well, I'm gettin' sleepy and I'll cut my story short. Things went on gettin' from bad t' worse, and none of us crowdin' any closer t' the school marm than we was at the beginnin'. We cut the old man's crop and lost half of our'n, and, as he gethered his flock tergether fer the fall plowin', he sez 'Boys, as soon as the plowin's done I'm goin' t' give er dance.' Then he told each of his foster family that all they had t' do the night of the dance was t' git the teacher over'n some corner and perpose; and the rest was as easy as fallin' down a well.

' We was expectin' t' finish by Saturday night, and on Friday, when we come in at noon, t' chew, here was old Mrs. Beach, holdin' a letter in her han' and pretendin' t' cry.

' As I led the herd in she mopped her eyes with 'er apern and handed me the letter; it was from the school-marm, she'd give it t' 'er as she paid 'er bill, and Bill Morley helped 'er out with 'er trunk. As near as I can recollect, the letter was worded like this:

" Dear Madam, Youse has been very kin' and motherly sence I come here, and the boys has treated me fine, and I hopes y'll all fergive me fer not tellin' youse before, but I married Mr. William Morley exhibition week, and we leave to-day fer his ranch in Alberta. I do hopes I takes the good wishes of the boys and the people of the district with me; yours faithfully, M. Mary Martin-Morley.'

' Well say, the dinner went untasted that day. Such a Babbleum, as I headed the stampedin' mavericks fer the stable. Say, I won't tell y' what they said, fer I know yer inclined t' be religious. Some wanted t' persue 'em and bring 'em back, and others, that was more cooler, said: 'No, we'll all chip in, and hire a good lawyer, and sue old Sam fer breach of promise.' "

I saw Phil was feeling sleepy, and I did not question him any. He arose, stretched and yawned, reached for the water pitcher, gulped down about two quarts, and as he steadied himself and replaced the pitcher carefully in the basin, he remarked:

' Yes, I'd like to spend a few days with y' if y' wasn't winterin' that school marm, but I hev allus been scary of a trap, sence I bit at old Sam Beach's bait."

# Sweet Peas

By Agnes Campbell Purves

These,

Delicious sweet peas,
Tell of sun-kissed leas,
Of birds and of bees,
Of a white frame house, and a belt of trees,
Just stirred by the breeze.
A kind hand there, has gathered these,
All these, delicious sweet peas.

They pass,

With the honied smell,
And the color as well,
Like the flush of green in the valley outspread.
Where the gentle flow,
Of the brook below,
Is scarcely heard as sweet and low,
Like a thread of silver its waters go!
We pass as they; from giving and getting,
From sad remembering, and glad forgetting.
We pass and change,
To a higher range;
I see the gate,
Let us labor and wait!

# The Ultimate Northwest

By Agnes Deans Cameron

*National Magazine, May* 1907.

For dere's no place lak our own place,
Don't care de far you're goin-.
Dat's w'at de whole worl's sayin',
w'enever dey come here.
'Cos we got de fines' contree, an' de
beeges' reever flowin'
An le bon Dieu sen' de sunshine
nearly twelve mont' ev'ry year.
*Drummond's Habitant.*

"The Canadian Pacific Railway will run, if ever it is finished, through a country frost-bound for seven or eight months of the year, and will connect Eastern Canada with a country about as forbidding as any on the face of the earth." So spoke a prophet a quarter of a century ago.

And he was a prophet not without honor in his own country It was the voice of Labouchere in London *Truth*.

These were days when British school geographies contained choice little titbits like these: "Canada is a country of 300,000,000 acres, mostly frozen wastes and swamps." "Haymakers are frozen to death within their tents." "Indians are not quite tame." "Hay making has usually been done by night, for men dare not face the flies."

The little girls who shyly divided their luncheons with demi-clad sweethearts in the little red school houses of the United States, polished off their geographical next-door neighbor with, "North of our country is Canada, a cold land which belongs to England; here hardy men trade in furs."

To Canadians themselves, the Great Lakes were the western gates of an unesteemed fur preserve beyond which stretched British Columbia, "the sea of mountains." Canada was the ship that had not yet found herself; the potential wealth of an empire was there between those Great Lakes and the sea, but the young giantess had not yet guessed her strength.

It was really the Americans who discovered Western Canada, who pouring over the invisible parallel of '49 found there a land that spelled "Opportunity," and who wrought on that virgin soil an object lesson of forty bushels of hard wheat to the acre, saying to the people of Canada, in the words of Cassius, "I your glass will modestly discover to yourself that of yourself which you yet know not of."

Canada is awake. She has outlived Kipling's calumny of "Our Lady of the Snows," and blossomed out into "The Granary of the Empire," "Our Lady of the Sunshine," another name we might claim for her. Minnesota is known as "The Bread-and-Butter State," then Canada is "The Sandwich Country of England." The bread goes in bulk and the beef on hoof. It is the substantial sandwich of the schoolboy, and can be seasoned to taste. The mustard is merely hinted at when some ardent Canadian clamors for treaty-making powers. Canada is the last unstaked Empire under a white man's sky and we are witnessing within its borders the birth-throes of an entirely new Anglo-Saxon nation.

Labouchere's "forbidding country" basks in three hundred full days of sunshine in a year, sunshine which coaxes phenomenal harvests out of the soil, and draws 50,000 Americans and three times 50,000 additional immigrants into its borders every year.

Canada is a country with a meagre past, a solid present and an illimitable future. The railways of Western Canada gridiron a prairie-land of 200,000,000 fertile acres only a fraction of which is cultivated, yet it produced last year 95,000,000 bushels of the best wheat grown, and has country elevators to store this wealth with a capacity of some 36,000,000 bushels. The crop of 1906 was garnered with the help of

25,000 imported harvest hands, and during the year 80,000 range-fed cattle were shipped to Europe.

The one Province of Manitoba, against which *Truth* belied its name, contains a population of half a million, with a capital city, Winnipeg, the "Buckle of the Wheat Belt" counting its 120,000 people.

The people of Manitoba cultivate a million acres of oats and three times that extent of wheat; their wonder-capital is growing at a greater rate than any city in America to-day. It spent $10,000,000 on new buildings in 1905 and $12,000,000 in 1906, and its bank clearings for the current year will reach the mark of one thousand million dollars. This turning of hard wheat into hard dollars is the most solid kind of commerce on the Continent, and partakes the least of elements of chance.

I hear the pessimist say, "But your terrible winter will give immigration a set-back for 1907."

What a bugbear bugaboo that "severe winter of Canada" is to the croaker, and the outsider with jaundiced eye and imagination! Many writers on things Canadian make the weather a thing tabooed. I may be old-fashioned, but I think most subjects are best attacked from the front. First of all, then, Western Canada is not the banana-belt. As a rule, old Mother Nature doesn't grow her bananas and hard wheat in the same backyard, though the grapes of Niagara and the peaches of British Columbia will continue to draw prizes in the International Expositions of two continents.

If Canadian newspapers and magazines would persistently tell the truth about the weather conditions in every quarter of the Larger Canada, much would be gained and little lost. In the past much has been avoided and not a little suppressed. If every feature of the picture were given as Cromwell insisted on having his face painted, "Wart and all," I think we'd be able to exclaim with the old Scot, "Honesty *is* the best policy—I've tried *baith*."

It is true that Canada has had a very heavy precipitation of snow this year. It is equally true that this is a blessing, with a very thin disguise. The great quantity of snow that has fallen assures enormous crops this year. It means ample moisture for years to come, and in every way carries compensating benefits. No country that produces No. 1 Hard wheat can do without some zero weather.

Winter frost and summer sunshine working on a soil pregnant with fatness are the factors which write on Canadian wheat the sterling mark. The long hours of fervent sunshine on the prairies are a revelation to newcomers. One may read in June until 9:30 in the open air in a most marvelous twilight, and by three o'clock the sun is again well on his rounds, the whole sky flooded with amber light.

And the sunsets! What do dwellers among the sky scrapers of the big cities know or dream of the prairie sunsets! Nowhere in the world is clearer air than this; from the Canadian Experimental Farm at Indian Head, one can plainly see wheat elevators thirty-five miles away. In Canada there is more sunshine, more air space, more land, more room than anywhere else that is left—it is the last and best frontier.

From the day the first prairie schooner tacked across the plains with its precious freight to this year of grace 1907, there has been ample room for the land-hungry homesteader.

Canada, like the widow's cruse of oil, seems to grow with the using. One supposes there is an ultimate frontier somewhere between wheat fields and eternal ice, but where shall we find it? The old geographers fixed it at the international boundary. Then it was supposed to be at Winnipeg. For years Edmonton was the "Last House," and Edmonton is eight hundred miles northwest of Winnipeg, and yet four hundred miles north of Edmonton again good wheat is grown and milled. Fort Simpson is eight hundred and eighteen miles north of Winnipeg, and Fort Simpson grows sixty-two and a half bushels to the acre.

The fact is that no attempt has been made to fix the northern limit of the soil which invites agriculture and offers rich reward to the willing farmer, and it is no less an authority than Prof.

Macoun of the Dominion Geological Service who puts himself on record as saying that wheat growing can be pursued as a profitable occupation even up to within three miles of the shores of Hudson's Bay. And this is Canada, "the few arpents of snow" that the Bourbon monarch declared was not worth fighting over.

But it is the optimist that walks the land to-day. Every man you meet seems to have a mountain or a waterfall or a forest of his own; lads on the prairie own quarter sections before they are twenty, and in British Columbia, a boy of eighteen rode to South Africa with Strathcona's Horse, and returning bought up half of Bulkely Valley with Government soldier's scrip before he reached his majority.

But there is no room for the idler; the time has come to proclaim that the game here has to be played by men and not quitters. We are reminded of the man who squatted on a dry section in Southern Alberta, and his farm the first year did not blossom as the rose. Disgusted he pulled up stakes and vamoosed the ranch, with grim humor tacking up the sign, "Thirty miles to wood, a thousand feet to water, thirty feet to hell." Then came along an astute Yankee who turned the quid in his cheek and remarked, "I think it's just worth investigatin', this here brimstone bizness." His claim to-day is worth $25 an acre; irrigation turned the trick.

Yet you will find hundreds of men in the West crying down the very name of irrigation, for fear someone somewhere, will get the idea that Canada is an arid waste. These are the men who want to hermetically seal the weather reports and take the thermometers inside on cold nights.

They object to the Canadian Pacific Railway's advertisements of the irrigated lands. Yet to my mind this same irrigation scheme, gigantic in its scope, is in itself an object lesson of the great faith of a great company in a great land. A short description of the stupendous project should not be without interest.

The area included in the big company's irrigation undertaking comprises a block of three million acres situated east of Calgary, along the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Bounded on the west by the 115th meridian, and on the south by the Bow River, the block has an average length east and west of one hundred and fifty miles, and a width north and south of forty miles. The section involved is an open prairie plateau with an average elevation of 2,800 feet above the ocean-level. The soil is unusually fertile.

It is expected that about 1,100,000 acres will be ultimately irrigated, at a total cost to the constructing company of $5,000,000, and this expenditiure, taken in conjunction with the area which it is proposed to irrigate, justifies the title "America's Greatest Irrigation Project."

The needed water is obtained from the Bow River which heads in the Rocky Mountains to the west and carries three thousand feet per second at extreme low water, with a high-water or flood discharge of thirty-five thousand second feet.

The water is delivered to every quarter section of land at a cost to the farmer of fifty cents per acre per annum, probably the lowest maintenance charge ever made by any irrigation company.

The laws of Canada for the acquirements of water titles, are equalled by few countries in the world. This certainty regarding water titles will be most appreciated by people who have had experience in irrigated agriculture, and it is to the irrigated sections of the United States that Alberta can look most confidently for colonists. The land and water values under the canal system will reach in time the prices now being paid in Wyoming, Montana, and Utah, that is, anywhere from $25 to $200 per acre. No one thing so inspires confidence on the part of an irrigator as seeing that nothing remains to be done but to raise the headgate. Many of the irrigation farmers in Colorado have seen their land rise from the Government price of $1.25 an acre to from $50 to $200 an acre, and under similar conditions history will repeat itself. These Americans who came to Canada

to spy out the land, readily appreciate the opportunities of combining an irrigated farm with grazing stock on the open range.

The introduction of an unfailing quantity of cheap water as a factor into the farming problem of Calgary is going to be revolutionary in its effect. It is impossible to state adequately the amount of commerce this added agricultural settlement will create, without seeming to exaggerate. The one hundred and fifty thousand acres of irrigated land in the Poudre Valley, Colorado, furnished over thirty thousand car-loads of produce last year to the railway lines crossing it, and made this the best paying piece of railroad property, mileage considered, to be found in the state. While equal results can not be anticipated under this Calgary canal system in the immediate future, that three-million acre garden is coming It scarcely needs a prophet to stand on the edge of this mighty ditch and smell the sweetly-redolent blossoms of the future.

Southern Alberta is only semi-arid at the most, but experience proves that the farmer who has water available to give his crop a drink when they most need it is going to have a bigger bank balance than the man whose prayers for rain are not backed by an irrigation ditch.

What can one grow in Calgary district? Everything from a sugar-beet to forty-bushel wheat, from a strawberry to a grade Shorthorn.

The irrigation farmer here is an enthusiast; he tells you that crop growing without irrigation is a crude system, and lauds "ditch farming" as the most ancient, highly-developed and scientific system of culture. He contends that, even in the most humid countries, seldom a season passes where the application of water at the critical moment would not add materially to the value of the crop. And truly, the tendency of the age is towards insurance. We insure against the death of live stock and crop destruction by hail storms. In Western Canada, the farmer goes one step further and insures against the absence of rainfall.

In trying to give a bird's eye view of awakened Canada, one is handicapped by an embarrassment of riches; it is the double-ringed circus of our youth multiplied twenty times over. One thinks first of wheat and tries to follow it from the boundary of the Great Republic up to Professor Macoun's fringe of Hudson's Bay, and from Lake Superior's Thunder Cape to Calgary's rolling foothills, a large rectangle one thousand miles long and five hundred wide, fat with potential harvests. Each year the golden stream flows wider and stronger and deeper down to the Great Lakes, and so out to the Eastern Sea, and now another stream pours westward through Rocky Mountain interstices to that other sea where "the sun comes up like thunder out o' China 'crost the bay," and where the hungry millions of the Orient are beginning to learn the taste of Canadian flour. And the wheat grows and ripens faster than Canadian railways can carry it, and all over the vast country new lines are being laid and these too will be laden to the last box-car, and with their completion will be the driving of the first spikes of other lines, spine-roads with long ribs and little ribs, for the wheat harvest will continue to roll out in a rich flood and the development of the West, this Ultimate Frontier, has just begun. The rush for the wheat fields of 1907 will be greater than that of 1906; in fact the newcomers are on the ground and it has already begun.

New towns spring from villages into full blossomed cityhood within the space of two or three short years. As a conspicuous example, one thinks of the vigorous city of Saskatoon.

This new city is four hundred and thirty-five miles from Winnipeg: three hundred miles from Edmonton the Gateway of the Mackenzie Basin; two hundred and sixteen miles from the United States, and about ninety miles southeast of Prince Albert. Those who know Saskatoon, the new city of the Saskatchewan, call it the "Hub of the Hard Wheat Belt," since it occupies the central geographical position in Western Canada and has railways now built or building, radiating to all parts

of the compass and connecting it with almost all places in the new province of Saskatchewan and the whole of Western Canada.

Before even the 1907 wheat crop is threshed, the Canadian Pacific Railway will have two secondary transcontinental lines in operation through Saskatoon, between Winnipeg and Edmonton. The Grand Trunk Pacific transcontinental, judging from the energy and dispatch of their contractors now at work on their main line through Saskatoon, will be hauling out grain from the Saskatchewan wheat fields this fall. The Canadian Northern main line from Winnipeg to Edmonton, traversing the fertile valley of the Saskatchewan, crosses the south branch at the northern doorway of Saskatoon and connects with this rising city by means of the Q. L. L. & S. Railway.

Wheat in Saskatchewan brings the railways. Railway promotors don't lay rails into a No-Man's Land.

And wheat is but one factor of our wealth. Thirty-nine years ago, the value of Canada's foreign trade was $129,553,194, and last year it was $546,957,437, which is four times more for 1906 than for 1868. Merchandise, the produce of Canada, exclusive of coin and bullion, was exported in 1868 to the value of $48,504,899, and in 1906 our exports grew to $234,483,956, being a five fold increase. From 1868 to 1906, our exports of animals and their products grew from $6,893,167 to $66,145,960; of manufactures from $2,100,411 to $24,561,112, and of mineral products from $1,276,129 to $35,469,631.

Our sandwich is not the polite sandwich of the boudoir. We have emphasized the bread part of it, but it has meat in it too—good, red-blooded beef. Calgary, at the foot-hills of the Rockies, is the heart of the cattle country.

You are not three minutes off the train till you realize that Calgary is a cow-town; the ear-marks are unmistakable, and in this she is but working out her manifest destiny. Nature has long been perfecting Alberta for cattle raising. Long ago, the buffalo in uncounted hordes lived therein and foregathered among the foot-hills for their winter feeding. The analogy is plain—where buffalo fed is good grazing for Shorthorn and Hereford.

The daily papers here are rife with records of the registered marks of all stock owners, and Mr. Wilson, chief of the recording office at Medicine Hat, reports that the total number of brands for the two provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan for the year 1906 would run over thirty thousand.

Around Calgary is a cattle range bigger than Texas, equal in size to six states as large as Pennsylvania, and from this one city alone 40,000 beeves were shipped on the hoof last year for England.

Most of the country is now let out on Government leases. The annual rental is four cents an acre, and the law will not permit an average of more than one head to graze on every twenty acres.

Everything is under rigid Government supervision, carried out by the mounted police and their veterinary surgeons. The police patrol the ranches; they enforce the law regarding contagious diseases and dip every doubtful head from the United States, to prevent Texas fever and other plagues. Most of the stock is well-bred, $1,200 being no unusual price to pay for a Shorthorn, Polled Angus or Galloway bull.

Twenty acres a head go to the making of a cattle ranch in the country where the growing grass is sun-cured to the roots and the cattle feed out the year around. The Indians own cattle, register their brands, and share equally with the whites all the protection of the stockmen's laws.

This Alberta foot-hill country has made a name for itself as a horse-raising center. The champion Hackney stallion at the St. Louis World's Fair, Saxon, was bred and reared on the plains of Central Alberta, eleven miles from Calgary. Climate and soil conditions are almost perfect for raising of heavy draft horses. Teams that weigh 3,200 pounds and upward are worth $400 or $500, between 2,800 and 3,200 pounds the average price would be $375.

When we consider that it costs no more in Central Alberta to raise a four-year-old colt than a steer of the same age, we realize that in heavy horse production there is a sure road to success for the skilled stockman.

And we have seen that there is an equally tempting field for the cattle-king. The market effect of the self-cured prairie grasses is to put a finish on beef almost equal to grain feeding. Around Calgary I saw on the range cattle and young horses fat as any grain-fed animals south of the line, and grain was to them yet an untried taste; their up-keep had cost their owner nothing.

In the town itself I saw a train-load of 1,400 pound steers en tour for England, raised on grass, and grass alone–they were shaky fat. Calgary is the scene every May of the largest individual purebred cattle auction sale in the world, over five hundred head of all breeds being offered at last year's sale. The sales of 1904 and '05 realized a total of $52,702.

Flockmasters are also on the crest of a wave of prosperity. Mutton and wool now command top prices. Woolen mills are being established, and the markets for mutton expand till far-off Yukon is reached.

History repeats itself, and ever all wealth is from the land. The rich nutritious bunch-grasses with their running root-stocks (*Festuca scabrella* and *Canium*) fed countless herds of buffalo. Sarcee, Salteux, Cree and Blood subsisted entirely on these animals. The buffalo are gone, and the braves are few, but still the sun-cured grasses feed herds of Herefords and another race of men build bigger tepees and possess the land.

The available range land in the whole Canadian West, however, remains vastly out of proportion to the stock feeding upon it. The grazing land is estimated at 195,000,000 acres, and the stock raised all through the West is not more than 800,000 cattle and horses and 300.000 sheep; that is to say, there is an average of one hundred and ninety-five acres for each animal. Obviously there is plenty of room for development in the ranching business.

But wheat and cattle and horses do not exhaust the wealth of the New Empire. It would take a book to tell of the mines of Canada, of the mines of its one westernmost province alone, British Columbia.

Then in the east is Sudbury, with the largest deposit of nickel in the world, the new-found Cobalt, which is shipping ore at the rate of a million dollars a month.

Far west is the little island of Vancouver, a kingdom in itself, with a range of reproduction reading like a fairy tale. Vancouver Island produces incomparable strawberries which it ships as far east as Winnipeg; it grows firs three hundred feet high which topple into ice-free harbors and are carried to Australia and China and the isles of the sea. It rears prize stock, and runs paper-pulp mills, and sets the hall-mark on all Western coal, as the prairies do on the wheat.

Vancouver Island outfits sealing fleets; it cans sockeye, salmon. and catches whales by steam; it breeds pedigreed English setters, and exports English holly-berries and picks roses in the open air at Christmas time.

And yet to people in England, to the 90,000,000 of the United States, and even to many of the people of Canada east of the Rockies, this same Vancouver Island is not very closely differentiated from Robinson Crusoe's Island with Friday and the goats.

For some unknown reason, Englishmen know much more of Australia than they do of Canada. One cause for this has been suggested in the fact that Australians play cricket and Canadians do not. The average Canadian boy would rather take a licking than play a game of cricket, and I don't know that I blame him. My idea of cricket is a broiling sun, a scrupulously smooth cricket pitch, several fat men in painfully vivid blazers. and a tent with lemonade. That's not good enough for a live Canadian boy. It isn't that he doesn't love sport; he's just full of the mellow juice of life, and will organize a baseball team if he has to press into the nine his little sister and the hired man.

Still, the close similarity in sports would seem to be the bond between England and Australia. The chief events of the racing world are the Derby, the Grand Prix and the Melbourne Cup, with the King's Plate as poor fourth, and sports after all, as I think it is Professor Lord who remarked, are a closer bond of union than politics.

There is one phase of community life in Canada that should appeal to the women of England. Canada is fast becoming a Bachelor's Land. Over fifty thousand more men than women settle in the country every year. It is to be deprecated that British women to-day prefer remaining in the Old Land, and agitating for what they consider their rights in it, rather than coming over to secure those which await them in Greater Britain across the Atlantic.

* * *

In statistics, I have tried to give some slight idea of what the development of the Wheat Belt means and will mean to Canada.

But the really remarkable event here in 1907 is not told in figures; it is the recent quickening of our own faith in the greatness of our destiny, not a blind faith in some Providence or Power outside which is going to do great things for us while we sit with a receptive smile and cross our hands, but a compelling impulse to take things in hand ourselves, to say,

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scoll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul."

All over Canada we stand on tiptoe, on the eve of great things. No nation young, strong, vigorous and hopeful ever faced a brighter future. We have a new, clean slate to begin on.

The provinces that before confederation were weak and isolated are being welded into a nation, the new, strong nation of Larger Canada. With this growth comes responsibility as well as that self-insistent word "rights."

Every citizen of Canada has his own separate privilege, to help, as far as one can help, to shape the policy of a nation; a privilege which he ought not to abandon to any Government, to any leader, to any party caucus.

In forming a national conscience, as in forming individual character, it is a struggle between self-seeking and self-sacrifice; and in neither war is there any discharge.

# The Magnetism of Carstairs

By H. McK. Evans

There's a fascination about Carstairs, Alberta, that one cannot resist. You get a favorable impression when you approach this thriving town on the Calgary and Edmonton Railway, for the district round about is rich and prosperous. The plains slope gradually down east and west and the Rocky Mountains, seventy miles away, present a continual view that delights the eye.

Then when you alight from the train the people seem bubbling over with the very enthusiasm of living. You meet a townsman whose thoughts turn municipally and he expatiates at length upon the strides being made by Carstairs:—The completion of the magnificiently appointed modern brick school-house, the establishment of a fire department with an efficient corps and two chemical extinguishers, or some other topic of civic interest. And the feeling is borne in upon you that here is local pride and loyalty in superlative form.

You next run across an agriculturist who has dropped in to trade at one of the superb retail stores and he opens up strong on the Canadian Society of Equity.

"Why, do you know," he asks, "that our organization in the Carstairs branch has eighty members and has sold nearly two hundred shares? It's almost a dead certainty that we'll erect an eighty thousand bushel elevator here this year. We get eight to ten cents more for wheat and three to four cents more for oats than the average independent farmer."

You begin to realize there's something doing hereabouts.

Rural telephone lines are now comparatively common. Some of them have utilized wire fences instead of the regular pole service and in all cases secured satisfactory results.

It is, however, in its dairying industry that Carstairs and district show the most pronounced advancement. Creameries have sprung up all over till, as one resident remarked, "the cow is going to make the country famous." Mixed, or as it is generally called, "intensive," farming builds up the greatest nations in the world and will continue

to make wealthy the agricultural sections which adopt and stick to it. From dairying this magnificent piece of prairie will wring a steady stream of opulence.

I talked with a landman and imagine my surprise on hearing that there are still homesteads to the west of the town. These, there is no doubt whatever, will soon be occupied, for the land boasts a splendid fertility as shown by the following returns chosen from a list of yields during the past year:

Josiah Hallman, bushels of wheat per acre, 47.

J. Bellamy, bushels of wheat per acre, Turkey Red, 66 on sod.

Chas. Greenway, bushels of wheat per acre, 52.

Dorsey McDaniels, bushels of wheat per acre, 52½.

J. Devins, bushels of wheat per acre, 55.

H. F. Griffiths, bushels of wheat per acre, 50.

Chas. Johnston, bushels of wheat per acre, 38.

F. James, bushels of wheat per acre, 43.

Chas. Winfield, bushels of wheat per acre, 41.

Fred Budgeon, bushels of wheat per acre, 50.

Ward White, bushels of wheat per acre, Turkey Red, 57.

H. F. Griffiths, bushels of Tartar King Oats, 98.

The visitor to Carstairs comes away promising himself, as I did, that he'll not be long returning.

# CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM WILD.

"How in the world did you get the public to believe that you had a genuine 'wild man?' " asked the museum manager. "I billed a 'wild man,' but no one would believe he was really wild."

"Oh, it was dead easy with my 'wild man,' " chuckled the manager of the side show. "I added on the bills that he had 200 wives and no one could doubt that he was wild."

JUST THE OPPOSITE.

"How is your brother, Harker?"

"Oh, he is in business that will open your eyes."

"You don't say, what is it?"

"Why he sells alarm clocks."

"That's funny. My brother is in business that will close your eyes."

"Really? What is it?"

"Why, he markets onions."

THE DEACON'S INDISCRETION.

The deacon called in at the smithy for a chain which the blacksmith had been welding together. Seeing the chain on the floor, the deacon lifted it, and, finding it red-hot, dropped it with an explosive "H—l!" Then recovering himself, hastily said, "I like to have said."

KNEW THE NUMBER.

Little Tommy was very quiet during the first courses, and everyone forgot he was there. As the dessert was being served, however, the host told a funny story.

When he had finished, and the laughter had died away, his little son exclaimed, delightedly

"Now, papa, tell the other one,"

IDENTIFIED.

A teacher showed his small pupil a zebra, saying, "Now, what is this?"

"A horse in a bathing suit," was the prompt reply.

WASTED HEROISM.

"What made that fireman so mad?"

"He was nearly cut off and burned to death in that building that just collapsed."

"But that was in the line of duty; if he were afraid, why did he venture into it?"

"He heard Jinx bewailing the fact that his typewriter was in the building?"

"Did he succeed in saving her?"

"He tried to, but it wasn't 'her,' it was a machine."

HE WAS HUNGRY.

Father had just sunk the carving knife in the turkey when there came the usual ring at the bell.

"Look here, Maud," he said sternly, "if that young man of yours is going to call four nights a week regularly, tell him to come after dinner." "It isn't necessary, father," replied the young girl. "That's what he comes after."

BEEN THERE BEFORE.

Guest (at Mrs. De Fashion's musicale)—Mercy: What are all these wash-boilers and flat-irons and things in the parlor for?

Mrs. De Fashion (helplessly)—I had to get them. The leader of the orchestra came here at the last minute and refused to play unless I furnished those things for the anvil chorus. He said he was bound to have one selection heard above the conversation.

LAWS OF HEALTH.

Tramp—Thankee kindly, mum; I'd no hope of gettin' such a fine supper to-day, mum. May Heaven bless ye!

Housekeeper—As you've had a good supper, I think you might chop some wood.

Tramp—Yes, mum; but you know the old adage, "After dinner rest awhile; after supper walk a mile." I'll walk the mile first, mum.

STRANGE CASE OF HEREDITY.

She—Sometimes you appear really manly, and sometimes you are quite effeminate. How do you account for it.

He—It's hereditary, I suppose. One-half of my ancestors were males and the other half females.

HOW TO USE A FIRE-ESCAPE.

There is a well-known, very conservative business man in Montreal who has a host of convivial friends and who on rare occasions is apt to come a little "under the influence." Every time this happens he is sure to try to interest his friends in organizing a company to push a patent fire-escape which he invented. The simplicity of the thing, he always explains, will appeal to every one. The apparatus is simply a light bit of strong silk rope to one end of which is attached a belt and buckle. Whenever a fire breaks out all a man has to do is simply to strap this belt around his waist, go to a window, throw the rope out and let some one pull him out.

NOAH AND THE OPTIMIST.

Every one loves an optimist. The first great optimist of whom there is authentic record was a citizen of Noah's time. When Noah made his famous weather prediction and commenced to build the ark, one of the populace thought that possibly Noah knew what he was talking about. He therefore took himself to the summit of the highest mountain and perched himself in the topmost branch of the tallest tree. The water rose and rose till everything in the world was submerged except this man who was just able to keep his head out of the water. The water was still rising, and just as the waves reached the man's chin Noah sailed by in the ark, within easy hailing distance.

The belated refugee called out, "Say, Noah, take me in, I was always a good friend of yours."

Noah leaned over the taffrail and in a voice full of condolence, replied "Can't do it old man. Sorry, but I've got a full house."

"All right," replied the other, "I don't give a darn; I don't think it will be much of a storm anyway."

WHEN LARRY GAVE THE LECTURE.

A certain lecturer who made his living by giving talks on Bible scenes, illustrated by stereopticon views, had an Irish assistant who had traveled with him for many years. One night the lecturer was taken ill suddenly and in his predicament told Larry, the assistant, that he would have to both manage the lecture and also give from memory as much of the lecture as he could.

Larry, impressed with his new responsibility proceeded to imbibe very freely, to keep up his courage. Everything went smoothly until the picture of Daniel in the lion's den was shown. Then his memory deserted him completely. Feeling that he must rise to the occasion he gave the following:

"After the king stuck Daniel in the lion's din, he cum around the nixt marning and says 'Hello Daniel.'

"Daniel, he says, 'Hello king.'

"Thin the king leans over the pit and says, 'Did he bite you Daniel?'

" 'Bite the divile,' says Daniel, 'he ain't got a tooth in his head.'"

# SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR

## GETTING BACK TO THE SOIL

"J'ever go fishing?"

Make that inquiry in a group of men and see them thaw—whether they are Episcopalian bishops or frenzied financiers of the Stock Exchange.

"J'ever go fishing?"

*You* remember, don't you?—misty mornings on the farm, digging bait before sun-up; long, warm, sweet-smelling noons, lying on your back, with your fish-pole cunningly braced under a flat rock, and the line tucked between your toes—great Scott, what wouldn't you give for a chance to feel like that again?

No, there's nothing like a farm, out in the country, the real country, whether you hold down a fifteen-dollar desk or don't know just how many millions you happen to have to your credit to-day on the Street. That is what nine out of ten business men would say if you asked them, and that is what Mr. Forrest Crissey, special editorial representative of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* says in his article, "Getting Back to the Soil" which appears in this issue.

* * *

Mr. Crissey is widely known as a writer of special articles, and fiction. The book which gave him a secure place in the literary field, "The Country Boy," carries in its title the suggestion of his early years spent on a little farm near the town of Stockton, Chautauqua County, New York. Years of life as a dweller in a big city have not only failed to convert him to the Gospel of Town, but have confirmed him in his love of the land. The impressions which country scenes and life made upon him as a child have been his largest literary asset. He finds it almost impossible to keep the country flavor out of anything to which he turns his pen. With very few exceptions his fiction stories have a country setting, and many of his special articles have the atmosphere of the farm or village. In a very direct way his memories of the little old farm on Bear Creek have brought him in money enough to buy the farm many times over.

Mr. Crissey represents probably the largest circulation of any editorial man in America, that of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, one having a weekly paid circulation of 800,000 copies and the other a monthly paid circulation of over 1,300,000. Some of his better known books are "Tattlings of a Retired Politician," "In Thompson's Wood's," and "The Making of an American School Teacher."

* * *

Recently he published in the *Saturday Evening Post* a series of articles in which he felt more than a mere professional interest. The general title of the series was "Quitting the Strenuous Life." The series very briefly sketched various lines of out-of-doors work in which the man doing service at the desk, the counter, or the shop bench might get a small start without

giving up his position, and then gradually develop this "side line" into a permanent and established vocation which would bring him into the liberty and wholesomeness of an out-of-doors life with no danger of "getting fired by the boss." These articles treated of "Growing Garden Flowers for Market," "Bee Keeping for Profit," "Pheasant Farming," "Squab Raising," "Making the Small Fruits Pay," etc.

People are interested in this sort of thing—witness four thousand spontaneous letters of inquiry that deluged Mr. Crissey's office as a result of one of the series. One of the greatest breeders of game chickens in America read Mr. Crissey's story "Cock o' the Walk" the theme of which was the devotion of a little country boy to his rooster—and immediately sought the acquaintance of the author of the story. As a result of their acquaintance this man gave to Mr. Crissey a trio of India Jungle fowls, whose forbears were the pets of an East Indian Rajah, and whose progeny are the pride of Mr. Crissey's country place.

* * *

Mr. Crissey takes quite as keen an interest in making his aristocratic India Jungle fowls and golden pheasants pay the expenses of his Geneva, Illinois, home as he does in the success of his next book or in a commission for a series of articles for one of the big magazines.

Under every man's exterior lies the eternal boy, no matter how impressive or how absorbed he may be; tucked away in every man's dream-box is a vision of a country home among the blossoming apple-trees—

"J'ever go fishin'?"

"You bet your life!"

## A MAGAZINE WITH A PURPOSE

The man who fails to understand why THE CANADA WEST is forging ahead misses an important principle of life. Doesn't the man with a purpose usually succeed? Why then shouldn't the magazine with a purpose do the same? The people of Canada, especially of Western Canada, are living out their lives with a purpose—they are intent on pushing forward the interests of Canada; incidentally they are forwarding interests of their own. Before these people lie opportunities such as never before have faced the people of a new and growing nation. Each and every one of them may make the measure of his own success. It is our purpose to keep pace with these people, to be part of their life, to chronicle their efforts, to let the nation's right hand know the accomplishments of its left and to let the world know the work of both.

If success is to be ours the thanks will be due to the purpose animating our endeavors—not to us.

## SOME GOOD THINGS DEFERRED

If you will remember that we made some comment last month on "The Exploits of O. K. Jenks," a story by Frank D. Faber which we expected to publish in our May number. We are withholding it because Mr. Faber has just promised us a series of "O. K. Jenks" yarns if we will defer publication of the first one until he is able to shape up his material for the others. Next month? We think so; but if not next month, then surely the month following.

Then there is Katherine Hughes' "Sam Macquoid, Lumberjack." Do you know the silent, strong, steady-eyed men who live in the lumber camps north of Edmonton?—rough fellows who rub elbows with Nature and who love a fight. Miss Hughes knows them well, and the story she tells is very convincing. You may look for it in the next number of THE CANADA WEST.

The Editor.

# INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS

## WINNIPEG.

There is to-day no city on the American continent that is attracting anywhere near the attention in the financial, commercial, and transportation world as Winnipeg, Canada. Great indeed has become the fame of Winnipeg and the unparalleled record of the phenomenal growth of this remarkable city during the past few years will doubtless stand unsurpassed for a century or more to come.

Standing at the gateway of Western Canada, with an unlimited market before her, Winnipeg has demonstrated the fact that there is no such point of vantage in the Dominion of Canada, nor perhaps on the entire North American continent, in which capital can be invested judiciously. Therefore, with the eyes of the entire civilized world centered upon the great grain growing sections of Canada that lie at her very door, it is little wonder that this wonderful city that already numbers over 100,000 population, with its unsurpassed railroad facilities and the best labor market in all Canada, is at present attracting more capital than any other place in the Western hemisphere; in fact, by all the rules of geographical advantage and the conditions governing the most strategic point is one of the richest and most productive countries upon which the sun ever shone, Winnipeg's claims to precedence as a base of operations and distributing point for industrial products cannot be gainsaid.

Just now Winnipeg wants manufacturers, jobbers, investors and homeseekers and as in nine cases out of ten opportunity makes the man and as Winnipeg holds out advantages that are unequalled anywhere in the known world, we have no hesitancy in saying to all inquiring readers and the public at large, "So to Winnipeg," and in the midst of the greatest grain market in the British Empire and the radiating point of Canada's three great transcontinental railway systems, every alert business man may find his niche, as unfailing signs point to a development in Winnipeg's population, her commercial, financial and constructive activity during 1907 that will eclipse all previous records; for certainly, never has a city risen to prominence that can give the guarantee of permanence and rapid and perpetual growth that Winnipeg can.

## PRINCE ALBERT.

Prince Albert is on the Saskatchewan River, surrounded by a country of great richness and beauty. The district is perfectly adapted for mixed farming, and with twelve new townships now opening, it offers great inducements to homesteaders. This year the lumber exported is worth over a million dollars. Next year it will total over a million and a half dollars. Work is plentiful, wages are good. It is a city of large possibilities for the investor, wholesaler, manufacturer and builder. The very best openings exist for a packing house and abattoir, a foundry and a machine shop, an oatmeal mill. It has exhaustless stores of the best of clay for pressed bricks, limitless water power in its rivers, easily developed. The Hudson's Bay Route which brings the West 1,300 miles nearer Europe, places Prince Albert in the foremost position among Western cities.

# CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP.

The best Syrup it is possible to make is not one bit too good for home use. It is the *only* Syrup you should use. The purity and superior quality of "CROWN BRAND" are demonstrated by its clear golden color, its delicious creamy sweetness and its delicate flavor. No other syrup is so good for every household purpose. For table use or for cooking "CROWN BRAND SYRUP" is unsurpassed. To get the best always ask for "CROWN BRAND" Corn Syrup.

YOUR DEALER KEEPS IT IN AIR-TIGHT TINS.

**The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Limited**

ESTABLISHED 1858

WORKS:
CARDINAL, ONTARIO

OFFICES:
MONTREAL AND TORONTO

**INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS**—*Continued*

## PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

Portage la Prairie is 56 miles due west of Winnipeg, on four transcontinental railway systems. Because of its location it is fast becoming acknowledged as an ideal shipping and distributing point. It is the center of a great wheat growing section. At a seed fair held here on February 16th, 1907, samples of Red Fyfe wheat,grown on Portage plains which surround the city,were awarded marks of 99 points out of a possible 100 after 30 years continuous cropping. Portage plains markets annually between five and seven million bushels of grain; of this amount two and one half million bushels are wheat, and the balance oats and barley. Crop failure has never been known. Great opportunities are offered agricultural implement manufacturers, especially; and other industries such as woolen mills, felt shoe factories, starch factories, canneries, carriage, buggy and wagon works, sash and door factories, soap factories,biscuit works, boat builders, skate factories, machine works, malting plants, rustic woodworkers, etc., with shipping and distributing facilities unexcelled, and where the cost of living is comparatively low.

## CALGARY.

Calgary, the main distributing center between Winnipeg and the coast, has a railway pay list of One Million Dollars per annum, municipal electric power and light, and steam coal at $2.50 per ton. Around the sity is a wealth of raw materials in forest, farm and mine. Money can be made in Calgary in the manufacture of brushes and brooms; blackings, oils, etc.; gas fittings and brass castings; glassware;blankets and horse clothing;horseshoes and nails; coffee, spice and package goods; flax products; ropes and cordage.

## MOOSE JAW.

Moose Jaw, a progressive city of Saskatchewan, is backed by a rich agricultural hinterland of 1,500,000 acres. The district offers investment in farm lands at prices ranging from $10 to $30 per acre. In the city proper, capital to invest in building houses to rent is a good and safe investment. Spur track accommodation has been made by the C. P. R. upon which locations for buildings can be secured at reasonable rates, and special openings exist for wholesale and distributing warehouses. There is a splendid chance for the right men to make money in brickyards, stock sales market, an abattoir, a tannery, shoe factories and woolen mills. For the last industry wool is procurable from the sheep ranches in the territory west and southwest.

## REGINA.

Regina, formerly the Government seat of all the Northwest Territories and now the capital of the new province of Saskatchewan, offers great natural advantages to manufacturers of farm machinery and implements, flour, flax and oils, bricks and cement; and to distributors of general merchandise, especially of those goods suitable for a farming population. The volume of business which radiates from Regina would keep a number of large mercantile establishments busily employed. In the northeastern portion of the city 1,600 lots with spur track accommodations, have been set aside by the city for factories,and in addition to this the city has reserved 400 lots alongside of the Q.L.L. & S. railway recently acquired by the Canadian Northern.

# THREE MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH

of Buildings will form part of the Construction Programme in

# Regina, Saskatchewan

during the season of 1907

In addition to this amount, the

## Civic Improvements

call for an expenditure of $525,000. This total includes $318,000 for pavements and sidewalks, $125,000 in buildings and $82,000 for waterworks and sewer extensions.

## This Progressive Policy

means that the people of Regina have faith in the present and future of their city. That faith has been justified during the past year. The commercial development of the Capital of Saskatchewan was the conspicuous feature of Western Canada's growth in 1906.

## When you Locate a Factory or Warehouse

in Regina you secure a track site from the city at nominal cost. There are 1500 lots in the northeastern section which are reserved for these sites alone, and you may as well have one of them. Conditions are easy.

# If You Are Interested in a Good Thing

write for further information to

THE SECRETARY, REGINA BOARD OF TRADE

P.O. Box 494 REGINA, CANADA

**INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS**—*Continued*

## SASKATOON

Saskatoon, a rapidly growing city of the Saskatchewan Valley, has a wide tributary territory. An intelligent man who knows his business could make a huge success of a brewery here. All the raw materials are at hand and a brewer who can produce a high grade beer has an untouched market for a radius of a hundred miles. There is a good opening for an oatmeal mill; for a moderate-sized packing house, with a soap factory operated in connection with it; for a cigar factory and a photo-engraving plant. An artistic and up-to-date furrier who knows more of his calling than merely to "keep store," would find here a profitable opening for a retail establishment.

## EDMONTON.

This young capital city of Alberta is beautifully situated on the north bank of the Saskatchewan. The owns and operates its own water service, electric light plant and telephone system. Edmonton is essentially a modern and model town and is being built up by young business men of progressive ideas and keen foresight. It is served by three railway lines and is surrounded by the richest and blackest crop-producing soil in the world. Edmonton offers to-day opportunities to the wholesaler. There is unlimited work for the carpenter and builder. Money is to be made in the Edmonton district in cattle and dairying, in the raising of sheep and hogs, and the growing of flax. Lignite coal and natural gas, cheap power and ample shipping facilities make easy the way for the far-seeing and ambitious manufacturer.

## CANORA.

Canora, a rapidly growing town of Canada, offers good openings of almost every kind. There is room for a good buttermaker; a chicken or poultry farmer a lawyer; and a good tailor need never be idle. There are splendid money-making opportunities for the man who will establish another lumber yard; a coal and wood yard; and a small, sash, door and planing mill prepared to do cabinet work. There is need for a local paper and printer; a blacksmith and a wagonmaker; a drug store. That a flour mill could be successfully operated is substantiated by the fact that one flour dealer alone is selling a carload every three weeks (he is just moving into a new brick store costing $5,000.) There is also a profitable opening for a furniture store; a men's clothing store; a millinery and dressmaking shop; a Scandinavian general store; and a steam laundry.

## KAMLOOPS, B. C.

Is a progressive city on the main line of the C. P. R. 250 miles east of Vancouver. Its population is 2,000, with a tributary stock raising, fruit growing and general farming district. The lumber industry is assuming large proportions. Copper, iron and coal deposits offer opportunities for the investment of capital. Fruit growing as an industry is now fully established and a large acreage is now producing enormous crops of apples, peaches, tomatoes, grapes, melons, etc. There are openings for a cannery, cold storage plant, foundry, creamery, etc. Adjacent country accessible by railway, hundreds of miles of navigable streams and lakes and wagon roads. The climate is mild and equable. The settler, tourist, sportsman and capitalist will find many things of interest in this city and district.